

Twenty-Three Percent

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Sayu Yagami is such a pretty name, meant for a very pretty little girl - not a dead twenty-three year old who'd somehow managed to hijack her body (but one must learn to adapt). Not your typical reincarnation story, or maybe it is.

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Chapter 1

Summary: Sayu Yagami is such a pretty name, meant for a very pretty little girl - not a dead twenty-three year old who'd somehow managed to hijack her body (but one must learn to adapt).

Twenty-Three Percent

| are you insane like me |

If there is one good thing about reincarnated into a new born infant;
(there isn't)

It's that no one can notice the sudden change in behaviour from one second to the next,

(babies cry, don't you know)

No one knows that you are in fact -

(a lie).

Sayu Yagami is dead for precisely thirty seconds.

She's cold and blue and so, so cold. She's a still born baby, the doctors say and there's really no hope (hope breeds eternal misery, that's what she remembers).

But; just as one of the doctors finds the courage to tell the parents, the baby heaves a deep breath, unfocused eyes glancing for the first time at the world and then promptly starts to cry.

A miracle.

(that's what they call her)

There's a woman who cries, exhausted and a man who holds her. There's even a two-year-old boy there to greet her with a pair of chocolate brown eyes and a secure smile (even in the chaos of birth she finds him soothing, so, so soothing).

She never finds the courage to point out that she is not actually Sayu Yagami. That, before this, all of this, she was a twenty-three-year-old with a life (it wasn't the best) and a family (she doesn't want to talk about that) and friends (a few of them, here and there).

She is not a miracle, she's just the result of some very bad cosmic joke.

It's not like she can speak anyways (a fully-grown adult cannot possibly phantom how hard it is to speak when you have no teeth and you cannot even understand the language).

It's awfully fortunate; that she is such a little miracle.

By the time she's two years old, the fake-Sayu realizes that her parents will agree to almost everything she asks for.

She's reasonable, of course - and it's not like stuffed animals appeal to someone who would be twenty-five by now - but she does carry the stuffed bunny rabbit everywhere with her (because that's what a two-year-old would do).

However, despite her best attempts to craft her mask that is believable, the façade slips; sometimes.

She'll say something; something awfully smart, something that a normal child would not know or think or feel and people will stop talking for a second and look at her tiny form, clutching her bunny rabbit in her arms and wonder where exactly she picked that up.

She's lucky that her brother, who is two years her senior, is already considered a genius in his own right. People smile and congratulate her not-parents on both of their genius children.

Light looks at her curiously, his chocolate brown eyes the exact same as hers and the shade of his hair matching her own - there is no doubt that he's her brother - and she asks if he wants to play with Mr. Rabbit.

He usually says no with a shake of his head.

And for years, she'll use the exact same trick to avoid suspicion when she slips.

"I would like to take swimming lessons." She's five - or, at least, Sayu Yagami is five. All four members of the Yagami household are currently seated at their dinner table, enjoying the usual tea that comes after supper.

Sayu rarely tries to participate in the conversation (she'll say something, something that is out of place or too deep and philosophical for someone her age or even cynical that will earn her looks and then she'll shut down completely), but she does listen.

Both her not-mother and her not-father turn to look at her with surprise. It's very odd for their daughter to ask for, well, *anything* really. Light blinks at her. He's also not used to this.

"Are you sure, dear?" She's pretty set on it. In her previous life, her mother had been very strict and sports just weren't a priority, but now that she's dead and hijacked someone else's body, not-Sayu thinks that should be allowed selfishness.

And selfishness starts with a swimming pool and a bathing suit.

She nods her head at her mother, notices how both her fake parents give each other a look (it's not like they can't afford it) and then her

father nods his head.

Two weeks later, Light says he's trying out for tennis.

Sayu thinks it's because he can't cope with the fact that for once both their parents pay more attention to her - she still congratulates him with a smile though.

Sayu has not been looking forward to school (no, no, no).

It doesn't help that she already knows everything and more, that in her previous life she'd been on her way to finish her PhD and that her mother had always expected her to excel in academics.

She knows that being mediocre at school would be the perfect jab at that woman, her previous mother (not-Sayu is *bitter*), probably even more so than her death, but Sayu knows the old her too well to think that she'll just sit back and pretend to be like every other child in her class.

When the day comes and her new mother comes to brush her hair in the morning, Sayu tries to look excited and her mother smiles, so she knows it works. Light says that he'll come to make sure she's all right at lunch.

She doesn't doubt he'll do it. He tries, he really does, to be the perfect older brother. She nods her head, not paying attention, overwhelmed with the number of children in front of her.

It's been such a long time that the fear in her eyes is real. Her mother brushes the hair away from her face, gently nudging her when she remains petrified in her spot.

For once, she would really like to not have died.

But.

Life is full of surprises.

And while the previous her had been downright bad at making friends, Sayu Yagami offers kind smiles and childish pouts and seduces students and teachers alike.

By recess, some brunette claims to be her new best friend and a boy offers her his chocolate bar with a shy smile and shaky fingers and Sayu finally realizes why her brother wears his mask so dutifully.

It's fun to manipulate other people.

She almost drowns that night (most people would believe it's an accident, that she just hit her head as she rounded the corner, but she actually does it on purpose).

Sayu is seven by then, which means that her old self would already be thirty years old, and she doesn't know why but the number weighs heavy on her head and shoulders, makes her want to do something stupid like test this whole reincarnation process (not that she believes in that).

It takes barely a minute for someone to scream for help and, by then, her head feels heavy as she sinks into the bottom of the pool, a trickle of blood from her head mixing with the water.

In her haze, she'll never say to anybody, she swears that for a second she can see the reflection of red numbers at the top of her head, the color a contrast in the translucent waters. She tries to reach for them, but is quickly pulled to the surface by her coach before she can confirm if there are real.

She coughs up chlorite water, her brain thumping against her very fragile skull and yet she smiles at everyone's concerned face. She thinks that she must be the reason both her parents have that much grey hair.

a/n : Here I thought, sure why not? So, well, this happened. It's not meant to be very deep or philosophical and I'd like to skim through the early years a bit quickly to get to the whole Death Note part. Thank you for reading, let me know what you think and if you'd like more. I hope you enjoyed!

Chapter 2

Two against the world.

Twenty-Three Percent

| been in pain like me |

Light's tenth birthday party is, well, *quaint* .

Most of the children from his class are scattered across the living room, some with cake on their face, some playing games meant for children their age.

Sayu sits perched at the top of the couch, watching the scene play out.

No, maybe not the *scene* .

Her eyes are frozen on her brother, who offers kind smiles and has that healthy blush on his face from all the attention. On the surface, he really does seem happy, glad when people shove wrapped boxes in his hand or bags overflowing with silk paper.

But if you dig, and Sayu does; because he reminds her so much of the previous her, the one who looked at the world with boredom laced with pain, the carefully constructed mask that tears at the edges, the smiles that become stiff and sharp eyes dart around for a clock, mind silently calculating the minutes left before it's all over.

Sayu's never had a big brother, well not the previous her anyways.

And while Light is older than her by two years, she still feels as if she has to look out for him, to ease his pain, to soothe his ache. She understands what it's like to be alone in a world that always wants

something from you, that the expectations placed on your shoulders can weight you down (make you crazy).

She remains quiet through the whole celebration, watches carefully as people ask for Light's attention and for his participation. It's only when her mother is putting away the cake and all the children have gone home that she turns around and places her arms around him.

"Onii-chan." She whispers in his ear. He doesn't turn rigid at the touch, but he doesn't quite reciprocate it. "You don't have to play pretend with me. You can show me your true face and I'll still love you. I'll always be there."

One would look at the scene and think about how sweet the display is.

Sayu, the little sister, embracing her big brother, Light, on his birthday. She doesn't actually know how long her arms remain around him, but when she pulls away, his face has gone blank and his body doesn't move.

Light avoids her for three days after that. And then, on the fourth day, he pushes the door of her bedroom completely unannounced and sends her a look which she answers back.

It's far too serious for children.

But the moment passes and Light moves, let's himself fall on her bed, opening the book he is carrying. Sayu doesn't move from her desk chair and continues with the mindless coloring.

They understand each other and from that moment on (it's the two of them against the world).

She is nine.

Whatever existential crisis she seemed to have when she turned seven is replaced by the knowledge that she is not quite her old self anymore, just like she'll never truly be Sayu Yagami - both personalities blur together to create a new tangible one.

Her class has to make a presentation on what they would like to be when they grow up (she remembers anatomy pictures and chemistry and physics).

Old her had been studying to be a doctor, had been overstressed and overworked, had been unable to please her demanding mother even if she tried so hard all the time.

But in this world, Sayu is her mother's little girl and she has a big brother to shoulder on the family's expectations. No one expects her to become some fancy doctor. Whatever she chooses, people won't comment on it.

Her teacher sends them to the school library to pick out a future presentation. Her hand hovers over the medical books for a moment because it's what she knows.

And then she makes a sharp left turn and instead grabs the book about Japanese Law.

"Sensei asked us to make a presentation on what we would like to be when we grow up." It's the traditional Yagami supper. Her father is there and her mother has just asked her what she did in school today.

"That's nice, Sayu. What did you choose?" Even Light looks quite intrigued. It has to be said that Sayu doesn't share much with the family, always think carefully before opening her mouth.

She slips less often now, but she still does sometimes.

"I want to be a lawyer." Three pairs of eyes blink exactly at the same time. She smiles innocently, it's easy when you are in the body of a nine-year-old. "So I can put away the bad people that Otou-san and Onii-chan catch."

Her father loves her; she knows that much. This one at least. The previous one had been an absent father who sent late birthday cards and didn't care. But Sayu is her mother's little girl and Light is her father's little soldier.

And, at that moment, Soichiro's eyes shine with pride and he can't really hold back the smile that makes his stern face look somewhat younger.

Her father's pride and her mother's enthusiasm is just an added bonus to the fact that now her future is sealed with Light's forever. And from the look he sends her, he doesn't seem to mind.

Light is sprawled on her bed, like he always does these days. Her brother can be reckless, but never in public. He's just entered Middle School, a private one, and spends much of his free time in her room.

She doesn't mind.

"You know, no one actually expects a ten-year-old to know the Modern Japanese Legal System's Six Codes by heart, Imouto." Fifth grade is boring; she might as well prepare herself for what lies ahead.

She looks up from the heavy book, a gift from her father who seemed very happy to spend the money so she could have her own copy (law books are pricey, but Soichiro is proud).

"And no one expects a twelve-year-old to be able to solve collegiate calculus problems, Onii-chan." Light is smart, too smart for his own good. Everything he does, he does it well and with an inhuman amount of ease.

"You have a point." He's smug and has an ego problem. While Light displays his knowledge for the whole world, Sayu is very happy to sit back and only answer questions when asked.

They make quite the pair.

Her mother shouts that it's time for her swimming lessons and Light's tennis practice.

By the time she turns thirteen, Sayu understands that she can't bring friends over to her house, at least when Light is there. Her Middle School friends gush and blush when he is around and while he never shows an interest, it doesn't deter them.

Like Light needs another boost to his already massive ego.

But her brother, even with all his potential to become a womanizer, never has much of an interest in women. Sure, he'll use them if it's convenient - she doesn't blame him. He's a fifteen-year-old boy after all and people push their lives into his hands without ever thinking that he'll do them harm.

People are stupid like that.

Sayu's learned the Modern Japanese Legal System's Six Codes. She doesn't have to watch for slips anymore because she's thirteen now and thirteen years' old who know every Law in their country are allowed a bit of cynicism.

"You know, little sisters are supposed to ask their big brothers for help with their homework. Not make them go to the library to pick up books about International Law." She shrugs her shoulders.

"Like you had something better to do with your time." Her relationship with Light doesn't change even as they grow older. To the rest of the world, Light is the big brother who dotes on his little sister.

They are not wrong, but they are not right. People just don't bother to scratch the surface, to notice that Light isn't quite the kind upperclassmen and the wide-eyed prodigy they make him out to be. He manipulates everyone and everything so that they don't even realize it.

His mask slips when he's with her. And, just like she's promised all those years ago, she remains by his side.

a/n: The world (and L) should watch out for Sayu. I don't think they quite know what she has in store for them. To answer a few questions; yes, she is in another universe. Her old family doesn't exist anymore. No, she has never read Death Note before, but she won't have to be a part of this - especially given her relationship with Light.

Everyone's feedback is much appreciated. I love reading your reviews and I'm happy people enjoy this story. Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed. Till next time!

Chapter 3

Her house is haunted by a few monsters.

Twenty-Three Percent

| bought a hundred dollar bottle of champagne like me |

Criminals start dropping like flies by the time she is fifteen; there's one and two and then twenty-three and the name on everyone's lips is Kira.

But Sayu has other things to worry about than a vigilante.

Her house is haunted.

She doesn't mean it figuratively, no, it's literal. Weird noises in her brother's room when she knows he isn't home, that lingering feeling that someone or something is watching her, apples floating in mid-air and then disappearing up the stairs, never to be seen again.

She doesn't mention it to her mother; mostly because she knows very well what kind of reaction that would cause. Japan is spiritual in the worst ways and she doesn't fancy an exorcist in her house, especially if she isn't a hundred percent sure.

"Why do you have a basket of apples?" She plops on the couch next to Light, the basket full of red, luscious fruit hurdled next to her on the sofa.

Her brother's eyes aren't quite on her, narrowed into slits at the patch of air over her head. She doesn't answer - she never quite answers Light's questions, has spent years learning how to evade him - and grabs onto one of the apples, holds it up like one would an offering to an abstract God.

Truth be told, what she wants is a witness. If there's something strange in the neighbourhood, at least she'll have someone to back her up when she calls the Ghostbusters.

For an antagonizing second, nothing happens. Light seems torn between knocking the fruit out of her hands and glaring at the space atop of her head.

And then the fruit floats out of her hands, drawn to the middle of their living room - and she isn't hallucinating, because something takes a bite, chomping a large piece of glossy skin, leaving teeth marks in the flesh.

She watches with a morbid fascination as the apple disappears in front of her eyes and then reaches for another, holds it up just like the previous one. There's a beat, a moment of silence, and just like the first one, the fruit disappears.

Light's hands are clenched to his side and she thinks he might pop from the way his whole body is tensed. She tilts her head to the side, holds up the wooden basket this time.

It severs in half, round and red fruits scattering all over the floor.

"Anything you would like to tell me, big brother?" Her voice is soft and her eyes watch carefully as a few apples float near the television set, as if someone picked them up and now cradles them.

"I..." Her brother's mouth opens and then closes. Finally, he pinches the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes. She wants to ask if he's been conjuring up spirits.

The truth is even uglier than that.

On her way home after swimming practice, Sayu catches the special broadcast from the Great Detective L. People are hurdled in front of

an electronics shop and she pauses to watch the screens as a man claims he'll stop Kira.

But L is smart, at least he's supposed to be.

And if she's learned one thing about him from her father, it's that he never shows himself in public, so why would he suddenly appear on national TV - something doesn't add up, something is very wrong. She would hope her brother is not watching the news right now, but hope breeds eternal misery and she knows perfectly well that Light has been glued to the television in his room.

As Lind. L. Taylor collapses from a heart attack and people around her gasp in shock (because Kira is not supposed to kill innocents, Kira kills bad people, Kira is a God and he is good and merciful and he will save them all), she knows very well her brother has been watching the news.

And as the monitored voice blares through the speakers, from who she can assume is the real L, Sayu pictures her big brother petrified in shock in his bedroom, berating himself for a second before his eyes twitch red in rage.

She doesn't bother staying till the end of the broadcast, shakes her head and shrugs her shoulders before continuing on her path home.

She stops to buy a few apples from a stand a couple of streets away from her house.

Ryuk smiles at her. Sayu snorts in her bowl of soup. Light kicks her under the table, but she doesn't flinch.

"Light, how are your studies going?" She doesn't roll her eyes, but she sure wants to. Of course, Light still remains at the top of his grade (even with his new extracurricular activities, killed any criminal lately).

"They're okay." Her big brother says, uninterested. Her father's eyes land on her and she smiles. Obviously, the man is tired and spent. She suspects he's investigating the whole Kira murders.

"What about you, Sayu?" She's a little less obvious than her brother. She always makes sure to score a few points below the first of her class. She doesn't like the attention, doesn't mind the silver of second place.

"It's fine." She says, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Both of you always spend so much time in your books." From across the table, Ryuk huffs and puffs. Yes, Light spends plenty of time in his notebooks, that's true - little black ones that can kill with a name and a face. Her mother chuckles softly. "I have very diligent children."

Not quite, but Sayu won't be the one to point that out.

"Otouto-san, you seem very tired." And older, he seems older.

"Yes; the current case is very difficult." He doesn't go into details, but she knows. Light sends her a look, she doesn't bother answering it and instead shoves rice into her mouth. How disappointed her dad would be, if he knew just what his precious son has been up to in his room.

Sayu doesn't care. Her big brother can play God, she doesn't mind. He can stain his hands red and rip the world open with his megalomania and she won't bat an eyelash.

"You don't like cram school?" Ryuk lets out a morbid chuckle, sits at the edge of her bed while she reads an article from the Geneva convention.

"Light doesn't feed me apples while he's in class." Ah, she nods her head in understanding. Shinigamis are weird creatures, Sayu

decides. "Little Miss, do you know?" She hums, moving her chair so she can face him properly.

"Do I know what, Ryuk?" He chortles, leans back and hovers midair.

"Shinigamis can see lifespans, Little Miss. That's how we know when humans are about to die." It does not make sense, but her life never made much sense to begin with. "You do not have one." She blinks.

"Ah." Ryuk turns on his left side, floats towards her.

"You don't seem surprised." No, not really. She does not believe in reincarnation, even after all these years. But what she does know is that she remembers dying and then being reborn - not that she'll share that with the Shinigami in her room. She's pretty sure he would blackmail her for more apples.

She shrugs her shoulders in response, which seems to amuse the creature in her room.

"Can humans see lifespans?" Ryuk nods.

"For half of the human's remaining lifespan, Shinigamis can grant them a pair of eyes. The human with Shinigami eyes will be able to see a person's name just with their face." There's a chuckle. "Are you interested, little miss?"

"You just said I didn't have a lifespan. I couldn't offer you half of mine." She doesn't plan on killing anyone with the Death Note anyways. If Light wants to have fun and kill criminals that's his prerogative.

"I guess that's true." And then the Shinigami sends her a horrid grin, the corners of his lips melting in with the skin around his cheeks.

"But I'm willing to give them to you anyways, little miss - think of it as repayment for all the apples you give to me." Nothing is that easy.

"Ryuk, why did you come to the human world?" The creature stops hovering three inches away from her face, yellow and sick eyes boring into her brown ones. He laughs then, the sound sinister and just overly unpleasant.

"We have a deal, then." But that's not a question.

She has entertainment value.

a/n: Hiya peeps, been a while. I hope this chapter was worth the wait and that you liked it. Thank you all so much for taking the time to review, that's always appreciated. Let me know what you think of this new development, I'd love to hear your thoughts and opinions. Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed and drop a review! Till next time.

Chapter 4

Those numbers, they bleed.

Twenty-Three Percent

| just to pour that motherfucker down the drain like me |

If she *has* -

If Sayu has recurring dreams; the kind where her big brother is seated upon a throne, the edges coated with blood, a magenta cloak draped around his shoulders, a golden crown on the top of his head, worn crooked, strands of hair peeking from underneath and, holding his chin in one hand, gazing at a thousand of dead bodies, now adorning the floor, with a bored expression on his pretty, pretty face -

"Someone followed me home today." Sayu hums as he talks, back pressed on her bed, holds up a hand and points towards the ceiling.

(she'll never tell).

"Yes, I know." Ryuk lets out a strangled laugh, yellow beady eyes staring back at her with obvious amusement (she is friends with the Shinigami who lives inside her house, the one who is tied to her brother because of the Death Note, but is tied to her now even more because she shares his eyes, but hush - that's a secret).

"No." Light shakes his head, a small movement with too much grace, the kind that should be impossible for just one teenage boy. "I mean a man, in a black coat, trying to look inconspicuous and failing miserably, a *spy*."

Paranoia suits her brother so well.

"So?" Her desk chair, the one Light uses as though his, whips so quickly that one second, she's staring at her brother's back and the next she is met with chocolate brown eyes, an exact replica of hers (but he's the older brother, she is the replica, the spare, the one in case the first one did not work).

"So? It's obviously part of L's plan." She nods her head at his wide eyes, a bit bored of the subject, of all things *L* .

"I know that." She doesn't point out that if Light had been a little more level-headed, L wouldn't even be in Japan right now. "But even if he has you followed, he won't find anything. What would the report say - Light Yagami, perfect son, perfect student, a little too serious, needs to have more fun?"

There's a moment of silence and then a smirk on her brother's lips as he moves away from the chair - her chair - and plops down on the bed next to her.

"Yeah, they wouldn't find anything." There's a smugness to his tone, she can almost see it dripping down the corner of his mouth. It's the closest to him admitting she is right he'll ever get. "And that would piss off L even more, wouldn't it - knowing that Kira is so close and that he can't do anything about it..."

She would call her brother delusional, if he wasn't *right* . Who would possibly believe that an eighteen-year-old, a child and such a promising one, could be responsible for so many deaths and not feel one ounce of remorse for it?

People are stupid like that.

"Ne, do either of you have apples stashed around here somewhere?"

Unlike her brother, Sayu's popularity steams from the fact that she is so casual.

Her voice is calm; airy; as if perpetually woken up from a dream. She's smart, always coming up second in every subject, but not too smart - it makes her approachable.

"You're pretty popular, little miss." She throws an apple in the air and Ryuk catches it, cradles it like one would an newborn infant and then shoves it in his mouth in a swift move, the fruit disappearing instantly.

Winter break is close and the air is chilly, her gloved hand holds the bag her mother packed for her to deliver to her father.

"Am I?" Everyone around her is much too young for her to actually take an interest. If boys turn to look at her when she walks by, she doesn't notice. There's something wrong about the whole ordeal - she'd already be thirty-eight by now.

Ryuk huffs and puffs, trailing after her as she walks towards the Police Department. Sayu's only been twice before, mostly because her brother had dragged her along with him (by the time he's thirteen, he's known around their father's office as the sickeningly sweet genius ready to lend a hand).

Sayu has no actual interest in cases, not that she needs to.

"How would your father react, little miss, if he knew his son was the killer he is chasing after?" A distorted laugh comes out of the Shinigami. "Is your entire family as understanding as you?" She pauses in front of the glass doors, looks up at the sky.

"I think it would be a mess." Because Sayu knows her father and her father may love his family, but he loves his job more. "So, let's make sure he doesn't find out." And with that she shrugs her shoulders, finally opening the door and walking into the bureau.

From the reflection of the glass, she catches Ryuk's grin and the mock salute he sends her way before he vanishes into thin air - probably to go annoy her brother.

"Hi." She says to the receptionist, ignoring the red numbers at the top of the woman's head. "I'd like to see my father?" Unlike her brother, Sayu's popularity steams from the fact that she is so casual.

But that doesn't mean she can't twist everyone around her finger with soft smiles, her breathy tone and that innocence that is suited for someone who would be fifteen.

When she sees the red numbers at the top of her father's head, sees the worn-out smile and the dark circles around his eyes, makes a quick calculation and realizes that his lifespan is just too *short* -

Well, that just won't do.

"Daddy, I want you home for Christmas." She bats her eyelashes and her father's voice is hoarse, his shirt is wrinkled because he's been sleeping in desk chair. "Even mass murderers take holidays sometimes."

Eventually, he relents (because Light may be his little soldier, but she is his little girl and she wants him home for Christmas, so he'll be there) and those red numbers at the top of his head bleed and add another year.

Her father is there on Christmas morning and when her and Light crawl out of their bedrooms, he's already seated at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper and her mother is all smiles as she serves breakfast.

Her brother and her share a look (and mass murderers really do take holidays every once in a while).

"Welcome..." A bored voice trails off as black eyes move upwards, finally reaching her light brown ones. "Oh, Sayu-chan, it's nice to see you."

And the clerk really does seem happy; to see her, dressed in his red vest, seated on a stool behind the cash register.

She prefers University bookshops, especially the kind that stock up Law books - from corporate law to criminal law, they have it all here and cheaper than most.

"It's nice to see you too, Adachi-Senpai." Her eyes trail over the newly stocked shelves, completely disregarding the red numbers at the top of the young adult's head. It looks like he'll have a nice long life at least. "Mind if I take a look?"

"Go ahead. Check out the shelves at the back, I just put up new books." She smiles, nodding her head. It's a quiet day. She spots a few people here and there, stops by the Law section written in bright bold blue letters and skims the titles with her eyes until they land on something remotely interesting.

A hand connects with hers and, as she turns around to apologies (but her hand doesn't move because that's the book she wants and whoever it is can just wait)...

Her first impression of L Lawliet - and what an odd name that is, but that hardly matters anyways because his lifespan is rather short - is blue jeans, a white shirt, a pair of shoes that looks brand new and black eyes, thumb trailing from pouty lips.

"Sorry, Yagami-chan." He doesn't look sorry at all and with a raised eyebrow and soft eyes, she tilts her head to the side.

"Do I know you?"

"You look just like your brother."

a/n : Welcome back to another chapter. I feel a little bad for the cliff hanger, but next chapter, well - L . I read all of your reviews and I noticed that some of you mentioned romance. Now, I don't

want to say that there won't be any romance, but it's just not the focus of this story. Also, I don't know if people's lifespan can change, but let's say that for the purpose of this story, they can. Thank you for all of your reviews, feedback is much appreciated. Thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed and drop a review ~

Chapter 5

You have to be crazy to understand crazy.

Twenty-Three Percent

|would you use your water bill to dry the stain like me|

Cameras .

"Our house is full of them." Her brother says, backpack carefully thrown on his shoulder. "Seventy-three of them, to be exact, and mostly in our bedrooms." Ryuk, who floats behind them, raises a hand like a child would.

"I'm the one who counted them." And he seems so proud of that little fact - Sayu can't imagine just how many apples Light had to bribe him with for that particular piece of information.

"So..." She starts out. "You picked me up from school to announce that I'll have the pleasure of showering for men with police badges tonight?" But truth be told, she isn't all that bothered, not by that.

Sayu is not many things and self-conscious is certainly not one of them.

"And also, to give you this." He hands her the plastic bag, pieces of what look to be glossy paper rolled up all properly and held together with pieces of scotch tape.

"What's this?" It's not that her brother never buys her things, but it's usually books - Law Books - the kind that are big and sturdy and useful.

"Boyband posters." Sayu doesn't stop dead in her tracks, but she does raise an eyebrow.

"Boyband posters?" She deadpans. "Is there an anvil that dropped on your head on the way here?" Because, to a certain degree, Sayu does enjoy music, even the kind that those manufactured Japanese boy groups make.

That doesn't mean she wants to paste their pretty, dolled up faces all over the walls of her bedroom.

"Boyband posters." Her brother repeats, just a hint of amusement in his tone. "You know, like normal teen girls have in their bedrooms." *That* - that actually makes her stop.

"And what do you know about *normal*?" Ryuk stands in the tiny amount of space between them, regarding the scene just like a kid with fighting parents would. "I'm pretty sure Joseph Stalin has a better definition of what normal is than you."

She'd take to everyone calling her abnormal, except for Light.

"Don't be mad." She keeps her eyes fixated on the ground. "I just need you right now - to be on my side." He adds the last piece a few seconds later and Sayu knows it isn't vulnerability, just stress.

"I'm not on Kira's side." She doesn't have to look to know his jaw clenches. "But I'm on yours. I'll always be on yours." A hand reaches out to grab her arm and her brother smiles then (but it's not sweet, because Light and her, they don't do sweet, but it's that smile, the same one he always shares only with her and that has to mean something, right? Because underneath Death Notes and Shinigamis and Kira, there's her brother).

"Aren't they the same?" Ryuk makes a face, which is completely ignored by the both of them. She throws the posters in the nearest trashcan she finds.

"We need to stop at the convenience store, pick up some potato chips." Light doesn't let go of her arm, even as they start walking again.

"Sure, Onii-chan." She bounces back quickly.

"And apples, don't forget the apples."

"Oh, Sayu." Her mother is all smiles when they both walk in the door - and Sayu doesn't say; mother, didn't you realize your house is full of cameras, of people spying on you and your children, blissful ignorance. "You have a package. I put it on the dining table." Her brother takes off his shoes and her mother asks about the entrance exams and his studying.

She reaches for the table, takes a look at the package which is wrapped in sturdy brown paper, just like a gift. There's even a red ribbon around it - her birthday isn't any time soon and she can't remember ordering anything, maybe some sort of late Christmas present.

"You have a secret admire?" She rolls her eyes - her brother would know all about stalkers and secret admirers, the kind that leave pick scented envelops in his locker and chocolate hearts - and reaches to tear the paper, not at all caring for the exterior. It's square and obviously sturdy.

"Oh." Her fingers trace the letters on the book - the cover is black, simple, and the letters are white, to stand out. No, there isn't anything exceptional about that book, it's just like any other.

"Another one?" She nods her head and he picks up his backpack again, obviously bored with the topic already (she's the one who studies law, her brother is the one who studies justice and those two things are not the same, not at all).

It's *that* book and Light doesn't understand, isn't meant to understand - but there's nothing to understand anyways. It's just a book. If Sayu is meant to realize something then, well, that doesn't happen.

"Too bad it's not apples." Ryuk appears above her head and Sayu moves to towards the kitchen to throw the paper away.

"You look just like your brother." It's true. Her and Light do look uncannily alike, from the colour of their hair, to the way it naturally curls at the base of their necks, to their overall features like the chocolate brown of their eyes - people often comment that they could be twins.

"You know my brother?" The book she'd reached for a few seconds ago is now in her hands and the stranger, the one with the name L Lawliet bleeding at the top of his head in deep red, makes no movement to reach for another copy. Instead, the tip of his thumb taps his bottom lip; one, two, three times.

"No, your father." Ah. "He showed me a picture, the one in his wallet." It's not a recent one; the picture is the one her mother takes the day of Light's first day in High School. He looks handsome in his uniform and her father is the one who fixes his tie that morning. Light has an arm thrown around her and she's smiling.

"Yes, he likes that picture." He loves it very much, just like their mother loves their baby pictures. Her children are both very cute as infants and there's plenty with Light holding his little sister by the hand (even then he'd known never to leave her side, such a devoted big brother he is).

"He said you were interested in law?" Her eyes skim the cover of the book and she smiles then, vague and airy, like she always does.

"Yes, I am." Finally, she replaces the book on the shelf. "I'll let you browse in peace now." And with that, she smiles again, with the intent of walking away from him and not mentioning that the red numbers above his head are awfully short and that he should really watch out for things like speeding cars and falling pianos.

"Oh, are you meeting someone? A boyfriend, maybe?" She blinks and tilts her head to the side.

"No, nothing like that." She just enjoys the quiet. No, that's not quite true, she just doesn't like to answer questions (that mask, casual and airy, always second best not to draw attention to herself, the one she crafts so carefully over all these years, sometimes it slips).

"Why?"

"Are you asking me why I don't have a boyfriend?" He nods then as if completely unaware that he's asked such a delicate question - but not for Sayu, not in that way.

"Well, Yagami-chan is very pretty. Surely, she must have many suitors." She doesn't feel insulted, not that she should. But his words don't feel right, not at all like a compliment.

"Well, if you want to know..." And her voice is soft, calm. "I have major daddy issues, coupled with a serious brother complex." With that said - it's really too bad Ryuk isn't here to make some stupid joke about it - she waves.

"What about your book?" She starts walking away.

"Oh, I'll look for it next time. It was nice meeting you." She doesn't wait to hear his response, doesn't even know if he offers one. If the man actually knows her father, then he must work for the NPA or some type of justice division.

Don't they screen people before handing them a badge? Probably not, that's why Light is so confident he'll get in (because to catch a serial killer, you have to be a serial killer).

a/n : Coincidences, you know? They're just the devil's way of remaining anonymous. Truth be told, Sayu wouldn't be paired up with L just because there's her brother. Even with the fact

that he's a mass murderer, she'd still choose him. Truth be told, the reason L is so interested in her is simple - in this universe, Light doesn't kill the FBI agents, but he would have, had it not been for Sayu, who basically doesn't care about outside forces. And L notices the sudden change in Kira's behaviour, so he's looking for what caused the change (and she doesn't actually have daddy issues or a brother complex, it's sarcasm).

On another note - SO MANY REVIEWS - oh my gosh. You are so awesome and that really pushed me to write a little faster, so this chapter is for all of you. It's so rewarding to know so many people enjoy this Say. Thank you SO much. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed, thank you for reading and let me know what you think, feedback is much appreciated ~

Chapter 6

Some questions should not be answered.

Twenty-Three Percent

|are you high enough without the Mary Jane like me|

"Little miss, I've been thinking." Having Ryuk around is oddly therapeutic (just like those small, rubber balls that will never break even if you squeeze and squeeze and *squeeze*).

"That sounds like a bad omen." She offers as a reply, matching the amused look the Shinigami sends her. They are both very alike; a little bored, cynical, most likely insane, *dead* .

"About your lifespan..." She doesn't tense and she keeps her attention on the road. "It's unheard of, a human's lifespan shielded from a Shinigami. Without it, well - you're pretty much supposed to be dead." She hums.

"Ryuk, do you know what happened to Humpty Dumpty after he fell off his wall?" There's only pale skin where eyebrows are meant to be, but it moves upwards nonetheless. "Even with all the kings' horses and all the kings' men, no one could put Humpty Dumpty back together again."

"Uh..." And then; "Did you fall, little miss?" She lets out a sardonic chuckle.

"Let's say you take someone; a girl. She's young, but not that young, so she's a woman, but not quite. And that girl, that girl is very sick. She wasn't born that way, no, she became sick, people made her sick, made her head sick. That girl, she was tired, she was so very tired and hurt and just crazy enough. She fell and she shattered and

all that was left were millions of scattered pieces all over the floor and that was supposed to be the end."

She breathes, hasn't spoken that much in years.

"But that's not the end." She continues. "Someone out there decides that this girl, even shattered into millions of tiny pieces - has some worth, that she isn't *finished*. So, they take some of those pieces and they jam it back together, just those outer pieces, you know, the ones that sort of matter and they try to make her whole again. They manage to remove the cause, but not the symptoms, because there are some things in life you just can't fix when broken."

Dark, beady and yellow focus on her as if, at that moment, she's the most interesting entity in the world.

"Are you crazy enough, little miss?" That voice is calm, intrigued, with no hint of compassion and just the right amount of delight, as if the creature has discovered something; a secret that makes the game all the more interesting.

"They say history will repeat itself." Because right now, those pieces that are jammed together somehow manage to hold on. But she doesn't know if it will last.

"I stand by what I said - humans really are interesting." Ryuk gives a distorted titter.

"How about some apples?" Just like a puppy, the Shinigami let's out an excited noise and bumps a thin, chain covered shoulders with hers, as if they are two, normal friends that walk the busy streets of Tokyo.

"I need you tomorrow." Light says when her and Ryuk make it home that day. Her mother is off, probably doing some shopping and her father is more absent then he's ever been (as long as the red

numbers at the top of his head continue to expand, she doesn't mind).

"I have school." She answers, throwing her bag on the couch and plopping down next to her brother. There's a variety show on, the typical afternoon one. Her brother becomes more and more daring as time passes. He makes almost no effort to hide the little black book on his lap.

"I'll make up some excuse." He fires back quickly, like he's already planned the whole ordeal. "I have a Tennis match tomorrow and I want you to be there." Ryuk barks out a laugh.

"Tennis?" Light hasn't played Tennis in years, at least not competitively. His trophies are still displayed in their living room. Surely, a school match isn't a big deal.

"Tomorrow is the match against L." Ryuk chokes back. It's only been a couple of days since Light started university and encountered the famed detective L and they are already at each other's throats. She blinks when Light nods his head.

"He's so infuriating that he'll try to analyze me during our match." Her brother mumbles out, obviously ticked off. "I need you there tomorrow." Just so he can keep a cool head. Her brother can be rather scary when angered, she knows that better than anyone (not that he scares her, Sayu knows crazy). "I'll treat you afterwards." He adds, as if to soften the whole ordeal.

She reaches for his bowl of chips and stuffs one in her mouth, chewing slowly.

"Fine." She acquiesces as if she had a choice to begin with. Light has a smile on his face as he picks up the Death Note again and ignores Ryuk, the Shinigami reaching for her backpack and fumbling with the zipper to reach for another apple.

L Lawliet pretends that it's the first time they met. Sayu can play along. It's not like Light or Ryuk know of her previous encounter with the man. Even with his name exposed at the top of his head, she never thinks about whispering it to Light so he can write it down in his Death Note.

Her brother is clever, he'll find a way to deal with it (and she really is like Ryuk, neither on L's side or on Kira's, mind games are not her things, she has enough in her own head).

"You and your sister really look alike." He doesn't shake her hand and she doesn't raise it up to meet hers. Black eyes are intensely focused on her brother, it's almost sweet the way he gazes up in wonder, thumb trailing of his lips just like a lovesick teenage girl.

"Yes, we do." Light offers, throwing an arm over her shoulders like a big brother would do. There's still water dripping from his hair from the shower he took and he smells very nice for someone who's just spent the afternoon playing sports (and winning, of course Light wins, but other man can hold his own, you have to give him that).

"Ryuga-san, Sayu and I are going for some coffee, would you like to join us?"

His arm tightens around her and Ryuk lets out a strangled laugh, beady eyes on the scene. Even the detective raises an eyebrow at the niceties.

"Of course, if that's okay with Yagami-chan." Sayu nods. It's nice to pretend she has a choice. When Light decides something, there's not much you can do but go with the flow. "Very well." He adds without a smile.

It's how she ends up in a café, Light standing in a cue with their order. The detective takes the seat in the back of the booth, the kind that allows him to keep his eyes on the entirety of the room. Ryuk hovers over her head.

"Did you enjoy our match, Yagami-chan?" He says, almost simultaneously with Ryuk who barks out a laugh.

"You should ask him little miss." She raises an eyebrow, not at what the detective says, but at Ryuk who's obviously found something that will entertain him.

"It was fine." She answers, her attention on the Shinigami who is spouting off twenty words per second. She would like to ignore the creature, but he keeps taunting her. She sighs. "Ryuga-san?" She relents.

"Yes, Yagami-chan?" He says, thumb tapping his lip, his eyes not quite focused on her (probably on her brother's back as he orders).

"Who is..." She listens to the name Ryuk keeps repeating and blinks. "Beyond Birthday?" For a second, there's no reaction but, suddenly, the detective's eyes snap back to her, this time entirely focused.

a/n : Am I the only one actually looking forward to another Death Note adaptation? Anyone? No? I'll just go there in that corner, then...

On another note (get it, note, Death Note? Okay, I'll go back to that corner now), thank you all for your reviews. It flatters me that so many people enjoy my story. There's another cliffhanger, sorry about that, but I sort of built that chapter around it. I knew that I wanted Sayu to ask about BB. I hoped you enjoyed the glimpse into her previous life. Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed and drop a review ~ I really enjoy those!

Chapter 7

You shouldn't trust little girls with Shinigami eyes (especially the little girls who aren't so little).

Twenty-Three Percent

| do you tear yourself apart to entertain like me |

Sometimes it amazes her, just how well rehearsed this charade is (Light's eyes are narrowed, hands clutched on her arm just like a protective big brother and Soichiro is outraged, very much so) -

"As I explained, Yagami-san..." A thumb ghosts over chapped lips. "Yagami-chan is not suspected of anything. I would just like to ask her a few questions."

Sayu is not dragged kicking and screaming. She allows herself to be escorted to the expensive black car with Light and driven to what she assumes is where the Task Force meets (a hotel room, she almost scoffs when she notices the lush fountain and the shiny, brand new furniture).

"Dad, you can't." Light knows better. She won't ever turn on him - not for this, at least. His little secret will follow her to the grave, black notebooks that can give people heart attacks.

Maybe he's just worried about her (but Sayu knows the law, every last word of the Modern Japanese Legal System's Six Codes; she has pages bookmarked and phrases highlighted so, why).

"First, my son and now my daughter..." Her father grumbles under his breath. L is a Great Detective from what she's heard. He always follows through when it comes to his cases (this man who looks like a child, with unkempt black hair and calculating eyes).

Sayu almost feels bad - almost.

There's Ryuk that hovers above Matsuda's head, the latter not noticing that a Shinigami makes funny faces near him. She knows him because he comes over a few times to have dinner (he's nice in that naïve sort of way, a bit stupid but pretty to look at).

"It's just questions, right?" The detective nods his head, although he doesn't focus his eyes on her (Sayu can see it by the way he tenses up and barely pays attention to her - it's fear).

"Imouto, you don't have to." She shrugs her shoulders and smiles at him.

"It's fine. The faster this is over with, the better. I have some studying to do when we get home." It's not a lie, she does have a biology test in two days (she already knows the material by heart, from her first life and it's not like tenth grade is particularly harsh for her).

Her father's shoulders slump slightly. There's Aizawa who she's never met before, but has heard of who pretends to be busy with monitoring something or another on a computer screen.

"Don't worry, Yagami-san." There is no compassion in the detective's voice. He isn't at all reassuring (not that it would make much of a difference). "I won't do anything to upset your daughter."

It's Light who finally removes his hands from her and places one on his father's arm instead.

"Sayu will be fine, dad." She nods her head and he offers a resigned smile her way.

"I'll be right here, listening in. You can leave whenever you want, you just tell me." He doesn't meet the detective's eyes and focuses instead on his son. "We can pick up some supper, I'll drive you home. Both of you."

"Yagami-chan, shall we proceed?" Again, the man doesn't meet her eyes as he motions for her to follow him (he doesn't turn his back to her and she almost tells him that it wouldn't make a difference - the numbers at the top of his head, they bleed red and the clocks ticks. She's not the one he should be afraid of).

She really does wonder how they managed to find an interrogation one resembling the one's in police stations is a fancy hotel, but she keeps that for herself because she just doesn't care to ask.

"How do you know that name?" Sayu doesn't blink as he sits in front of her, his eyes suddenly entirely focused on her (maybe he's less afraid now that there is witnesses).

"What name?" She means to play dumb. She's airy and breathy and completely detached. Sayu has played that role for so long it's hard not to play along.

Black eyes narrow - he's not amused, that detective (she's not here to humour him, so it hardly matters).

"It seems unlikely that a school girl from Japan would know about Beyond Birthday. Don't you think so, Yagami-chan?" She blinks innocently.

"My father is the Chief of Police." That and she knows her brother offed him a few days ago with his special death notebook. Ryuk probably realized he was a sore subject for the detective, that's why he wanted her to ask.

"Yes, he is." He nods his head, crouched in his chair. "However, Beyond Birthday was a recent victim of Kira. I don't believe in coincidences." Of course, he doesn't.

She leans back in her chair.

"Those dark circles under your eyes... Do you suffer from insomnia?" He blinks at her.

"I don't see how..." She cuts him off.

"It hardly seems fair that you get to ask all the questions." She tilts her head to the side. "Shouldn't I be allowed to ask some too?" He considers her.

"I suppose so." He relents, very still as the corner of his mouth twitches upwards (it's not a smile). She smiles - they have reached an understanding.

"So, insomnia?" She asks again, this time expecting a proper response.

"Yes." He nods his head. "How did you really know Beyond Birthday's name?" She leans over the table, pushing her elbows onto the smooth, cool surface.

"I see dead people." She thinks he won't catch her clever movie reference and it's not a lie per se - Ryuk certainly doesn't qualify as 'living'.

"Is that so?" He's not amused, but she didn't expect him to be.

"Your insomnia..." She asks like she's considering the causes. "Is it because you have nightmares, about your past?" He doesn't seem like the type to be fazed by gruesome murder cases.

"Mostly, yes." Ah, she nods her head.

"Yagami-chan, are you Kira?" She wonders what is going on in Light's head right about now (Ryuk is probably cackling maniacally, very much amused by the whole thing).

"No. I'm not Kira." He must know, deep down, that she doesn't care about whether or not criminals die (she may study the Japanese Legal System, know it by heart, that doesn't mean she cares).

"Can you prove it?" She shakes her head and he looks at her, puzzled.

"It's my turn to ask a question." She smiles. "The nightmares, are they about your parents?" It's not that she wants to know, it's just that she might as well get some insight on the man who tries very hard to put her brother on death row.

He stays silent for a minute and that, in itself, is confirmation.

"I'm an orphan." A sob story, then. She feels no sympathy for him. "Yagami-chan, can you prove you're not Kira?" She nods her head this time.

"Do you have a piece of paper? And a pen?" He blinks at her and finally nods. A few seconds later, an old man with glasses shuffles inside the room with a pen and paper, places them in the middle of the table.

(she can practically hear Light's sharp intake of breath, her father's eyes narrowed intensely as the scene unfold)

The old man doesn't smile, it makes him look stern. He leaves after depositing the items and closes the door behind him - he does look at her before leaving and Sayu doesn't bother trying to decipher the emotions in those eyes.

She grabs onto the pen, scribbles quickly on a piece of paper before ripping away the corner and folding it in half, sliding it to the detective.

"Let's keep that secret between us, Ryuga-san." He sends her a look before taking the piece of paper and holding it in front of his face.

Later, when her brother asks her why the detective paled considerably and almost choked on his saliva, she'll deflect the question and ask for more chicken in her Pad Thai.

L Lawliet (Ryuk wants a cure for boredom. She hardly thinks he'd be her biggest fan if she just gave the name of the detective to her brother).

But he's smart - Light is very, very smart - he'll figure out another way to get what he wants.

a/n: I mean... this was pretty awesome, if I do say so myself. Sayu and L in a weird, twenty questions game, both of them ready to answer each other. I think this is how most of their interactions will go from now on. Thank you so much for all of your reviews, I really like them, especially the lengthy ones. I do read them all and if you have deeper questions I can answer them by PM, but I don't want to spoil it for you, or anyone who reads this story. Thank you so much for reading and I hope you enjoyed, drop a review to let me know what you thought. Till next time ~

Chapter 8

He knows his relationship with his sister isn't *typical* .

Intermission

| build God, then we'll talk |

Light has never been particularly fond of his birth day.

He doesn't hate it (hate is such a strong word that comes with all sort of emotions and that would be a waste because he can hate much more interesting things and waste energy on *those*).

However, to him, February 28th should be treated as a day like any other - no parties or celebrations or hugs and kisses (it becomes more bearable as he grows older, but there's still the memory of those exuberant birthday parties his mother would throw for him. He shudders at the thought).

"Happy Birthday, Onii-chan." But, he supposes, it isn't all that bad. Not this year, at least.

For once, he accepts the envelopes stuffed with money by plastering a grateful smile on his face (the difference is that it's almost genuine and he's almost happy - there's a notebook hidden in the top right drawer of his desk, it's not quite normal).

Now eighteen-years-old, Light can almost kid himself into believing that the future is bright and righteous, that he can achieve more than ever before.

Sure, there is a cleverly annoying detective who has too much interest in him (but what's suspicion without proof, Light can tell you, it's nothing) and Ryuk does take some getting used to, but, overall, Light's plan is smoothly carried out and Kira is God, creator of a new world.

"I want Okonomiyaki." He says, throwing an arm around Sayu's shoulder and sending her a bright smile. She raises an eyebrow at his cheerful tone (she knows all about his dislike for birthdays. Actually - she knows pretty much everything about him).

"Sure." His sister nods her head and shrugs her shoulders, his arm still very present around her shoulder even as they begin walking, both of them still dressed in their respective school uniforms.

Ryuk puffs above them, almost purrs like a kitten (Light wonders, sometimes. Sure, Ryuk mostly sticks to him, but that's because he's the one with the Death Note - Sayu, however...), craving apples.

Light is smart (more than smart, really, but it's hardly fun to brag when it's to yourself). He knows very well that his relationship with his little sister isn't *typical*. He knows some siblings are close, but -

When Sayu found out about the Death Note, he expected, well, a reaction. She didn't even bat an eyelash at the silver letters, didn't balk when she'd read the rules aloud, did not flinch when Ryuk appeared twenty-three centimeters away from her face with his stupid grin.

She never even looked disgusted when he announced that he was Kira, didn't threaten to turn him in to the police (but Light distinctly remembers that Sayu studies law, not justice and those two things are not the same, not at all).

Light knows just how well Sayu's mask is crafted, has known since they were kids and she'd falter, only to catch herself a second later and recover so quickly people would often overlook it.

He knows, because he has one too, the type he's worn since he realized that he wasn't like all the other kids on the playground.

He just hadn't realized just how deep the mask ran.

In public, his sister is airy, breathy and soft. She looks innocent and serene and never too serious and ready to lend a hand. Always second best, always with her law textbooks or her swimming gear, surrounded by her friends and admirers (Sayu is popular, but Light doesn't expect anything less from someone related to him, especially one who shares so much of his looks).

He's always known that it's a façade, that underneath the soft edges there's actually a very large dose of apathy, that his sister isn't quite connected to this world or to anyone except for *him* .

And yet, at that moment, that moment when she'd simply accepted him as Kira and nodded her head, sprawled on his bed and asked Ryuk a trivial question, Light had understood -

He'd truly understood just how true the promise she'd made to him all those years ago had been. People would filter in and out of his life, some would want him dead if he ever got caught, some would worship him, but his sister -

Sayu will always remain; her focus entirely on him (whether he is Light Yagami, retired tennis champion and bored genius, or Kira; God of the New World).

It's not blind devotion, he knows that.

Truthfully, he's ready to come up with some extravagant plan to get rid of the FBI agents until she points out how useless that would be (Light is smart, but he's also passionate and quick to act at times - Sayu is calm and apathetic, she's level-headed).

Sayu can ground him when he needs it. She is not a follower, no, she is more than that. He'd make her Goddess of the New World, but she would laugh at the idea and tell him he's the one with the delusion of grandeur and the narcissism to match.

He'll create a perfect world, with his sister in mind.

Because while he did start out with the plan to do it alone, to not involve his sister for her own safety, it does feel like some of the weight has been lifted off his shoulder.

Sayu will do more than obey him or just accept the faith he hands her. She'll put his safety and wellbeing before anything else and certainly has the brains to make sure that he succeeds.

She'll make sure he becomes God and then help him keep the title, never once thinking about overthrowing him.

"You are way too happy today, Light." She says, brown eyes looking at him with just a hint of curiosity. "It's a tad creepy, I won't lie." He sends a cheeky smile her way, just as Ryuk lets out a chortle, distorted because of the apple Sayu has just bought for him.

"I love you, Imouto." She raises an eyebrow. "You know that, right?"

She isn't soft or airy or serene with him. She's cynical and apathetic and most of the time lacks any semblance of tact. He adores that side of her (but, more than that, he adores the fact that this side of her adores him).

Finally, she tilts her head to the side and nods.

"I mostly do." He tightens his hold around her, long hair the exact same shade of brown as his tickling the back of his hand and directs her through the busy streets of Tokyo.

He'll cleanse this world and re-build from the ashes; a new world for those who deserve it and he'll rule as a God; merciless, but fair and with an iron fist.

"What was written on that piece of paper, Imouto?" She hides a smile with her hand, like one would when recalling a fond memory - a *private* one.

"You know I'll always protect you, Onii-chan." It's not a question and it's certainly not an answer. But Light can read between the lines - he's has nothing to worry about.

Light smiles.

Ryuk and Sayu exchange a look, as if him being happy truly is horrifying, that, or he's finally become insane (some would argue that he was even before that).

a/n: As I was perusing the reviews of this story, I realized that a few people were curious as to what Light really thought about his sister. This is a bit of a snippet. I think Light loves Sayu just as much as I think Light doesn't know how to love. So, he loves her in a screwed up way, which makes their relationship even more bizarre. On that note, thanks to everyone who review and favourited and alerted and read - this story is more popular than I could have ever imagine (btw, shameless promo, I just started a BB-SI fanfic, so, if you want to check it out that would be awesome).

Oh! And next chapter, Misa will appear! Thanks you for reading, I hope you enjoyed and drop a review to let me know what you thought! Till next time.

Chapter 9

Purpose is a strange word.

Twenty-Three Percent

| your heart is always almost beating |

Sayu is not a heavy sleeper (at first, she tries to pretend that she'll never wake up, but she always does, always and its torture to the point of *madness*).

However, Sunday mornings mean no school and she does like to laze around in bed, pretend to be dead to the world for just a few more hours than usual (her brother is up way too early and she can always hear her mother's footstep in the hallway, very soft and gentle).

Clearly, her brother did not get the memo about her sleeping schedule. He shuffles inside the room and moves straight for the curtains on her window, wrenches them open with too much theatrics and let's a pool of sunlight in.

"We're going out." And he sounds, well, he doesn't sound like much of anything. He's already dressed and primed and she knows fully well that he spent fifteen minutes admiring himself in the mirror, smoothing out that curl at the base of his neck.

"I have homework." She deadpans, not quite minding the intrusion.

Her reward is the flat look on Light's face.

"You and I both know you do not need to do your homework, Imouto." He comments and Sayu knows fully well that Light never understood why she dumbs herself down or pretends not to know an answer. "Besides, it's a special outing today."

Sayu's already bored - special means L and she really wants nothing to do with the detective (she makes him uncomfortable and weary and she does not plan to change his vision of her, not now or ever).

"Don't you have actual friends to bother." She replies even if she knows that Light does not possess actual friends (people flock to him, yes, but no one knows or wants to know the real him).

"You know you're my only friend." And it's not sad, not the way he says it. It is stated like a fact, cold and precise and the reality is that yes, she is his only friend (friends know everything about each other, so she's her brother's friend, but he isn't hers, not quite). "But we won't be alone."

She sighs as he moves to her closet and pulls out clothes, holds them up together and then lays them on her bed (Sayu hope he knows that whatever he picked, she'll exchange it for something else. She may be dead, but she is not a doll to be dressed and shaped as someone sees fit).

Ryuk appears out of thin air, stifling a yawn with a claw-like hand and raising an eyebrow at the scene - her, still buried under her blankets and Light, picking out women's clothes.

And then he smiles (and it's horrible and inhuman and, well, the usual).

"Ah, we're going to Ayoma today to find the Second Kira." Sayu blinks as the Shinigami utters the words and Light merely ignores the creature in the room.

"I'll let you get dressed. Breakfast, ten minutes." Her brother says, like he can command her to do anything (and if she indulges him, it's merely because she has nothing else to do and she does love her brother, but not enough to, *well*, feel it).

She does wonder why she has to go looking for a Second Kira when the first one sleeps in the room next to hers, but that's probably a

mass murderer thing and she wouldn't get it.

"It's nice to see you, Sayu-chan." Matsuda says with a smile as they walk around Ayoma. Everyone has fallen into pairs and she ends up with Matsuda, because she's too lazy to converse with someone she doesn't know.

"Same, Matsuda-san." She says airily and with a smile that seems to make him more at ease (Light's friends are typical college student and too young for a now working detective like him).

"Ne, ne, little miss. There's a place selling apples a few streets over." She smiles, ignoring the Shinigami who floats between her and Light (her brother walks in front, talking to a bland brunette who giggles at everything she says).

Sayu does not look around for the Second Kira as she walks the busy streets (it is Sunday afternoon in Ayoma and finding someone is a tad complicated, one really has to look).

Besides, Light is not meant to spot the Second Kira. If this new killer can kill with only a face, then chances are they also have the Shinigami eyes, which means that one look at Light and they would know - he doesn't have a lifespan (neither does she, but Sayu really doesn't care about that or if Light finds out; she's so good at deflecting his questions by now, another one won't hurt).

"Coffee would be nice." She says a few minutes into their little escapade, pointing to the coffee shop that's the least busy. "Would you like some?"

"I can go with you..." She shakes her head as he trails off and smiles one of her innocent, fifteen-year-old smiles that makes her seem like she isn't dead.

"It's fine. I'll get you one, tell the others I'll be right back." And with that, she walking away, leaving Ryuk behind as he shouts that he'd

like an apple and her brother's questioning eyes.

The coffee shop, while not busy like the others, is still pretty populated. It's just like every other coffee shop in Japan, bright and colorful and with baristas who have to wear the caps and the aprons.

She figures Matsuda is the type to like sweet things and orders two of those iced coffees that look to be more sugar than caffeine and the cashier hands her a number, sending her to a line with other people waiting.

Very typical, nothing out of the ordinary.

And while Sayu waits, she does not bother to scan the restaurant for the people, does not look for Second Kira's without lifespans or people that look out of place - honestly, she's just here for the coffee.

But, as always, luck finds her (she has the eyes of a Shinigami and is reborn into a world where her brother is shaping up to be the most famous serial killer in years, so, really, she should have known) -

Out of the corner of her eyes, she catches sight of someone watching her (black hair, heavy glasses and what looks to be a very boring school uniform and Sayu merely raises an eyebrow at the gaze, thinks that maybe it's someone that she knows, so she tilts her head to the side and looks back).

But that woman (her name, spelled out Misa Amane and, well, Sayu knows what Misa Amane looks like from the magazines the girls in her class read at lunch, all huddled together in front of a desk and comparing themselves to her and that is not her, not really, not quite) doesn't have a lifespan.

Misa Amane's mouth opens and closes (it's better if she doesn't say anything, that would be stupid, in broad daylight when there's people actually looking for her, the Second Kira) and then her gaze shuffles back to the window where she has a very clear shot of Light.

Clearly, she can see they share the same last name (maybe she can pass this whole Kira thing as a family business, just like some type of mafia, write a book, have it published and then turned into a TV show or a movie or both) and there are gears running in her head - but the situation is so complicated it's enough to give someone an aneurism.

Sayu merely takes her coffee and leaves.

(If she was anyone else, she would wonder about her purpose, about why here and now and why she was reborn in the first place, find a mission and stick to it, believe that she can change the future because of all the things she knows and that fixing it would be her salvation -

But Sayu is not someone else, so she sips on her coffee and listens to Matsuda talk and laugh and Ryuk craving apples as background noises and wonders what she'll have for supper).

a/n: as most of you have noticed, chapter 9,10 and 11 have been removed. I didn't actually think they would send notifications for that, because deleting chapters is not the same as updating it, but, well,. The truth is, I wrote those three chapters without much thought, just because I wanted to update and they came out not like I wanted them to and I was running out of ideas for the rest. So, new chapter 9, improved and all, sorry for the inconvenience and thank you all for your lovely reviews. hope you enjoyed and thank you for reading and please stay tuned for more.

Chapter 10

Now, it's her turn.

Twenty-Three Percent

| along with windy frozen tunes |

"Does Yagami-chan believe in Shinigamis?"

Sayu blinks at the detective, flipping a page of the law book opened in her hands (it's a paperback version and yet the price tag still shows off a few zeros too many).

"Why not?" She answers, tilting her head to the side. "Just because you can't see it, doesn't mean it's not there." Like reincarnations, like suicidal twenty-three-year-olds who get to be reborn in a world where their brothers happen to be mass murderers.

The detective nods his head at her answer (and, really, she can't believe he followed her here just for the sake of having her opinion on Death Gods - if only Ryuk was here to further the irony of the situation) and moves a thumb over his lips.

"I did not peg you for the superstitious type." He says and she almost rolls her eyes. "Like I did not foresee your brother being interested in blonde models. The Yagami family is full of surprises." It doesn't sound like a compliment and it's probably not meant to be one.

But he's right; Misa Amane is not Light's type - Light doesn't have a type, but if he had one; they would be a lot less flashy.

The wall between her and Light's bedroom has always been paper thin (she hears *everything*).

When Misa Amane comes in search of her brother, Light is the first one to pretend Sayu doesn't know anything about Death Notes and Shinigamis and killer eyes (but the blonde turns blue eyes towards her as she walks inside their house - she's obviously curious, because of Sayu's lack of lifespan, but her target here is Light - Kira - and if he drags her up to his bedroom, then she'll happily follow and forget about his little sister).

"Aren't we?" She questions with a smile as the detective stares at her with unamused black eyes.

"I dislike surprises." He adds at her tone, his eyes entirely focused on her (maybe he's afraid she'll come up with some clever way to kill him when he's not looking). "But, Misa Amane's sudden appearance does explain a few things."

"You think... Amane-san has something to do with Kira?" And Sayu knows she sounds unconvinced, even if the blonde must've slipped up at some point (how cliché - the woman feels indebted to Kira because he killed her parents' murderer, it's the perfect sob story).

"I'm afraid I can't answer that." And he doesn't seem sorry, not at all. "Now that Yagami-chan has proven she is no threat, her father insists she is to be kept away from all things Kira."

And Sayu shrugs her shoulders because she's never really had much of an interest in the Kira case anyways (what's the fun in solving a puzzle if you already know the answer). She pushes the book back on the shelf and turns her head to find another one.

"I never thanked you for the book." She says easily, changing the subject. The detective's eyes mirror in the dying sunlight outside, the wide windows of the bookstore letting it in, creating shadows on the floors.

"No, you didn't." And then, he blinks at her. "Was it enjoyable?"

Sayu smiles.

By the time she's thirteen, she's already learned the Modern Japanese Legal System's Six Codes by heart. The book the detective gifts her is different, testimonials from lawyers - about American law practices (Sayu doesn't remember much about law from her first life, but she supposes that it would be very similar to what she read).

"Very." And she smiles at him wider and brighter, innocent and child-like and just like her brother, he doesn't buy it, narrows his eyes because he can see the thinly veiled hatred in her amusement.

If the numbers atop of his head have shortened considerably; she never mentions it.

"You're an idiot." She delivers flatly, following her brother atop yet another hill.

(this body, the one she is reborn into, moves through the forest with ease - sports had never been one of her strong suit, not the previous her anyways, but this body executes it flawlessly, never short of breath).

"I'm only trying to protect you, Imouto." His voice comes out subdued because he has his back towards her. "And Misa, of course." He adds as an afterthought, as if he thinks someone else is present.

(Ryuk and Rem move faster and hover, they reach the destination in seconds, Ryuk letting on a chuckle as he watches them walk from afar).

"For someone who's just had their life threatened, you're awfully calm." Her brother stops dead in his tracks and raises an eyebrow at her as he speaks.

Sayu shrugs her shoulders (and she can't really admit that she doesn't care about death, that she craves it, that she knows what lies on the other side) and sends a smile towards her brother.

"I know you'll protect me, Onii-chan." She doesn't know why he bothers, but he bothers so much that it's almost, well, sweet. "Besides, I know that whatever plan you've come up with, it's perfect."

Light sends her a smile and it's cocky and boyish and vain, but if her brother is skilled at something; it's playing with other people's minds.

Rem is quite clever; to use Sayu as leverage. Light won't give her up, not now and not quite - the Shinigami threatens to kill her if Misa dies and it doesn't take much time after that for Light to come up with some completely weird plan that involves him losing his memory as Kira.

But first, he has to bury the second notebook (and Sayu will have to babysit Ryuk, feed him apples and keep his boredom at bay so he doesn't do something reckless; like kill her brother for his amusement) which is why she now watches her brother shovel dirt away and create a hole big enough to bury a diary.

"We probably won't see each other much for a while." Light says, turning to her. "Remember what you have to do."

There's a piece of hair that sticks to his forehead and a bit of dirt on the sleeve of his sweater - and yet he still looks very handsome.

"I'll come and visit." She says, cool and detached and nodding her head (she already has a vague idea of what the detective will do when Light offers to be detained - she wonders what she'll tell their mother and then shakes her head and decides to leave that part to their father).

He rolls his eyes, but sends a smile towards her (it almost feels like they just buried a body, Rem disappearing with Light's notebook and Ryuk following them home).

The next day, when she comes back from school, her mother is seated at the kitchen table, face in her hands and sniffing a bit as

Sayu walks inside. She drops her bag on the floor and hugs her mother from behind.

"Your brother and father will be absent for a while." Her mother manages out, wiping the tears away with the back of her hand.

"It's okay, Oka-san. They'll be fine." Sayu's words are empty (her father is a man who loves his job more than his wife and her brother is a mass murderer and there's a Shinigami behind her that stares at the scene with a smile on his horrible face).

But her mother manages a smile and musters enough strength to ask her what she'd like for supper. They end up curled on the couch, eating in front of the TV, something that never happens when her father and brother are home.

When the woman has fallen asleep on the couch, Sayu throws an apple into the air. Ryuk catches it with ease and sends an appreciative grin towards the fruit - not her, of course.

"Your brother has given up his memories of the notebook, Little Miss." Sayu nods her head, her eyes on the television and only slightly interested in what's playing.

Now, she has to wait (and remember what her brother asked her to do).

a/n: So, hi there. Light has some big plan, Sayu is somewhat a part of it, Misa is kept aside, Ryuk loves apples and Rem threatens fifteen-year-olds; how have you been. I have a pretty good idea of where this is going, so please be patient with me. I'm much happier with the pace now than with the previous chapters and if you wonder what Light asked Sayu, well, wait and see. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed, thank you so much for all your lovely reviews - I hope you liked the Sayu and L interactions, please leave feedback, it's always appreciated and thank you for reading. See you next time.

Chapter 11

There's that piece of paper in her pocket.

Twenty-Three Percent

| but you say you've laughed enough |

It's months since she's seen her brother, *months* -

And even with a Shinigami that serves as a pet to occupy her while Light is locked up somewhere far away from the world, in a tower that seemingly appeared out of thin air, Sayu -

Well, she never quite imagined how bored she would be without him (the realization that she's bored makes her blink up at the sky and, well, it's easier to forget that you're dead when your brother has a black book that can give heart attacks and delusions of grandeur and kills hundreds of people a day, so, yes, she misses him terribly, but not for the right reasons).

But, even without a brother plotting world domination, months blur together. Sayu turns sixteen and puberty is no fun even the second time around (even with the Yagami genes pumped inside of her, the cramps and the headaches and the clothes that become tighter and the shoes that don't fit, no, it's no fun at all).

She's always resembled Light, a more feminine version of him anyways, but these days, when she looks in the mirror, she's almost an exact replica of her brother, if only a little shorter (she doesn't complain, because her Onii-chan has always been eerily pretty, but she wonders what it says about her, how much she resembles a mass murderer).

"You can cross the street now, little miss." Ryuk says as people brush past her and onto the crosswalk. She blinks awake, because

she even more dazed and out of it these days (and the thoughts in her head, well, maybe she wouldn't mind being hit by that car that seems to be in a hurry).

"Aren't you bored, Ryuk?" She asks when she takes a left turn into the lane two streets before her house. "Without Light and Death Notes and heart attacks?"

He hovers in front of her, a lopsided grin sent her way, wings flapping in nonexistent wind and catching the rays of sunlight.

"Humans are never boring, little miss." And then he pushes a very sharp nail into his chin, digs it deep and Sayu knows that it would hurt anyone else, but not a Death God. "It's a lot more interesting here than over there."

Sayu pictures 'there' as the Shinigami realm, pictures deformed creatures like Ryuk playing board games all day and watching the human world like one would a show on TV and picking out random people to die so they can continue the monotony of their undead lives.

"If it's so boring, why don't you just let yourself die?" Sure, she understands the appeal of dropping the notebook into this world and having someone as intricate as Light picking it up, but, if the Shinigami world is so boring, then wouldn't death fix it?

Ryuk barks out a laugh and it's full of delight and surprise and probably the most genuine amusement she's ever seen on him besides when Light tries to outsmart L and fails.

"I think we both know what happens when you die, little miss." He answers while choking on his laughter and Sayu realizes that she probably isn't the only one, that this isn't a mix up, that her second life here, well, it was planned from the beginning.

But her and Ryuk and philosophical talks will probably never happen and the truth, well, purpose is such a strange word that it holds very

little meaning to her.

Besides, she's in front of her house now (and she's starving because puberty is no fun at all, even the second time around).

"You... handcuffed yourself, to my brother." Well, she certainly does not expect that. Ryuk falls on the floor and she thinks that he would die with a grin smacked on his face if he wasn't already dead and decayed.

She supposes that everyone else in the room is used to it because her statement brings absolutely no reaction whatsoever. The detective looks bored, Misa Amane pouts and Light has his arms thrown over his head and smiles at her.

"Did you grow?" Her brother asks, eyes full of spark and with an innocence that she hasn't seen in months. "You look taller." She nods her head - this is Light without his memories, this is her brother, the real one.

"Sayu-chan looks so pretty now." Misa comments easily, sending a smile towards her (and really, is no one going to comment on the fact that when the detective moves to eat his cake there's a metallic chain the rustles). "Not that she didn't look pretty before, but she looks even more like Raito now."

"It's true that the Yagami siblings have always looked extremely alike." And the detective tilts his head, like he doesn't understand whether or not it's a compliment.

(Sayu decides then and there that she is reborn into a world that makes no sense whatsoever and, when it seems logical, her brother is holed up in her bedroom and using her desk to kill people, writing their names and handing out heart attacks like one would commercial flyers, so, really, is it any wonder -)

"Yes, we do look alike." And Light sends a look towards the detective, turning his body so he can face. "But, Ryuzaki, it's been months now and we've moved into the headquarters and yet, you don't seem eager to catch Kira."

"No, I'm not eager at all. I've been a little depressed, lately." The detective says it with no emotion whatsoever, fork paused between mouth and cake and her brother -

Her brother, the one who is always so composed and proper and calm, well, Light hits the detective (square, in the face, and it's enough to send both of them crashing to the floor because of the chain and if it isn't a show of dominance when the detective kicks back, then Sayu doesn't know very much about males and their dispositions).

Misa screams, Light and L hold each other by the collars of their shirts and Ryuk almost claps in childish delight at the scene and the phone rings and the world stops for a second and Sayu -

Sayu sits up in the plush couch and drinks her tea (in the pocket of her jeans, there's a piece of paper that she plays with, folds and unfolds and wonders when she'll finally get to use it and go back to a semblance of a normal life - not that normal means anything to her).

a/n: Here ya go peeps, eleventh chapter done and dished out. I'm sure by now some of you will figure out what Light asked Sayu to do and if some wonder about the Yotsuba Ark, well, live and see. School has been crazy, work has been crazy, my life doesn't make much sense, but I'm trying to update as fast as I can so please stay tuned and be patient with me. Thank you all so much for your lovely reviews, they keep me from going mad and I hope you enjoyed this chapter, feedback is always appreciated and thank you so much for reading. See ya next time.

Chapter 12

She never had to bother before, about her brother's admirers.

Twenty-Three Percent

| your closet's stuffed with last year's blues |

Sayu has never really had to bother before, about her brother's admirers, but -

But there's something about Kiyomi Takada that makes Sayu pause.

"I was just worried, you see." The dark-haired girl says, seated on the couch in their living room, poised and oddly beautiful, hair straight and edges sharp, just like a knife.

"Yes, it's very nice of you - to be worried, I mean." Sayu really never had to bother before, about her brother's admirers. "And I'll tell him, that you dropped by."

The woman takes her in, probably to see if Sayu will, will tell him that she dropped by. Honestly, the sixteen-year-old reincarnation doesn't see why she wouldn't. Her brother has always been very popular, with both sexes and adults, she's used to playing messenger.

"Thank you." Kiyomi Takada obviously finds what she's looking for and even offers her a smile, a very stern and polite one, but a smile nonetheless. "You are very kind."

No, Sayu isn't, not at all. If she had any hint of kindness, she would warn the other girl that her brother can't love, doesn't know how to love - he can fake it for his own gain, but he doesn't know how - just like her.

"Takada-san, are you..." Sayu pauses and looks at the other girl through thick, auburn eyelashes. "You like my brother." It doesn't come off as a question and it really shouldn't.

There's a faint blush on that appears on the woman's cheeks and she clears her throat, pushing a hand to cover her mouth.

"I admire him a lot." She answers, but Light has a lot of admirers and Sayu, Sayu never bothered with any of them, but there's something about Kiyomi Takada -

Power. It's power (and stupidity, she's very stupid, to put her faith in her brother).

"You seem nice." Sayu says (because if she can find other people, other people to aid Light, to make sure he'll be safe, safe even without her and power, power is always good to have). "I'll tell my brother you came by."

It comes out soft, breathy, dazed, just like Sayu usually interacts with people. And that woman, Kiyomi Takada, polite and very, very poised, keeps her eyes fixated on her (what she sees, she sees what Sayu wants her to see and no, she doesn't need allies, but her brother does, and she'll play her part).

"You..." And the woman looks more human then, blushing and maybe a tad too happy, but never enough inappropriately so. "Yagami-chan, you look just like your brother."

As if she's just realized, as if she can see a part of Light in her. Sayu smiles (what it says about her, that she looks so much like her older brother, her older brother who's a mass murderer with temporary memory loss).

"Yes, yes I know." And she would laugh, but that's not the right moment (but it's so funny, it's so funny that everyone compares her to the likes of her brother, what it says about her, she really doesn't know).

Behind Kiyomi, Ryuk hovers and stares right past her, right through her. He offers a smile, a ghoulish one, and Sayu can't help but answer it back, tilting her head to the side.

Power (it's never a bad thing to have, not that she cares about such things, but -

Her brother, her brother does).

"Little Miss..." Ryuk trails off, hovering above her shoulder. "Don't you want to know, who the new Kira is?" The Shinigami laughs, ominously.

She doesn't need to look at him to recognize the sick, childish amusement he always offers. Ryuk wants a cure for boredom and, somehow, he finds it with her ('you're so much more interesting' he tells her 'so much more interesting than your brother').

"Not really, no." Sayu says, mouth hidden behind school books as she moves through her school. Not that people would turn to look at her if she spoke loudly, no, everyone is too busy right now.

Sixteen, sixteen is more than just a number. And while time does move slower when you've already lived once, that doesn't mean Sayu is dispensed from the hustle and bustle of good grades and university entrance exams.

There's no doubt about what she'll be when she grows up, but she still has to take the tests and her mother might think she's being subtle when she scatters brochures on the dining room table, but she's really not.

And this, this career fair, the one she doesn't have a choice to attend, the type designed to have people all over the country come and talk to them about the type of studies they'll have to do for specific jobs is all part of it (not that Sayu minds, no, it's just that there is no doubt about what she'll be, about what she'll become).

Ryuk barks out a laugh, the type that comes deep from the chest and makes his whole, dismantled body shake as he moves in front of her to for her eyes to look up.

"Then, little miss, you wouldn't mind, if I told you that Kira is here in your school, right now."

Sayu pauses, mid-step and her neck moves so fast she's sure she'll have whiplash (Kira, Kira and Death Notes and no lifespan, she can see, she can find him just by looking for him, she can find this Kira, the one who replaced her brother, the one who has the Death Note).

Ryuk throws his head back as he watches her.

People swarm past her just like bugs, left and right, and Sayu has trouble, trouble focusing. There's a sea of red numbers that float at the top of their heads and her eyes, her eyes feel like they are bleeding (she's usually so good at ignoring it that it's become a habit).

"Does this Kira..." She doesn't bother to cover her mouth this time, everyone can stare as she talks to herself, she really doesn't care.

Ryuk watches her with interest, amusement and that look, because he knows exactly what she's looking for and he won't tell her, of course he won't, that would spoil the fun.

Sayu pauses, scans the crowd of students. No, it wouldn't be one of them, no, she knows the people in her school and none of them stand out. No, it would be someone from outside, someone who usually doesn't come here.

There's a few booths set up, one for students interested in medicine, one for math and chemistry and -

And law. Sayu tilts her head to the side and, finally, blinks with new focus (why she bothered to look at all, she doesn't know and of

course, of course she would find it there; righteous, the need to change the world, to make it so there is no more crime).

"A-ha." Ryuk says, with a grin that makes his face look even more inhuman. He snaps thin, dead fingers together and Sayu thinks he might even applaud her, just to add to the whole scene.

But Sayu is occupied, occupied by the red, red name atop the man's head (he's not bad-looking, no, not at all, and he carries himself with a stern charm, the typical Japanese man, with dark hair and sleek glasses and dressed sharply in his suit).

Mikami Teru, red and thin letters but no lifespan, none whatsoever.

If she was anyone else, she would marvel at this universe, at the way it seems to make it so easy for her to come in contact with everyone related to Kira -

"Shall we go greet him?" She offers, doesn't really know when she started being surrounded by people with delusions of grandeur and full of righteous megalomania, wonders if she should start a self-help group.

Ryuk laughs and laughs and laughs (but, it's not so bad, not really, Sayu would have ended in by that booth anyways -

there is no doubt about what she'll be, who she'll become).

a/n: Et voilà! There it is, chapter twelve, all shiny and full of development and with two new introductions. Gosh, how have you all been? I'd apologize for the lateness of this chapter, but, I mean, life happens, so, I'll try to do better next time. So, what did you think? I know there wasn't a lot of Light/L interactions, but, next chapter, they'll be back. Thank you so, so much to everyone who reviewed and favourited and this story is almost to 900 follows! Cheers! Anyways, hope you enjoyed, leave a

review to tell me if you liked it and I'll see you next time! Thank you for reading.

Chapter 13

Sayu wakes up in the middle of night.

Twenty-Three Percent

| but you know by summertime your suicide's just last year's news |

Sayu wakes up in the middle of night - not startled awake, no, she never sleeps that deep, but she wakes up and turns wide eyes upwards, coming face to face with the Shinigami who hovers a few inches away from her.

She can see it all, a face made only from horrors, every bone too high, the lack of skin, the yellow, yellow eyes and the sharp teeth that are barely covered by blue, oxygen deprived lips.

"Ryuk..." And the thought of the Shinigami so close is almost comforting - almost.

"Hmmm?" He sounds sleepy, dazed.

"Don't you want to know; about Light's plan?" She asks because -

Sayu wakes up in the middle of the night, not startled awake, no, she doesn't sleep that deep, but she wakes up and has to wonder, about her brother's plan, about why it's taking so damn long.

"Ah." His eyes widen with mirth, the same they always do when she talks about her brother, when she talks about Kira. "Little miss, you want your brother home."

She nods her head and she thinks Ryuk almost sympathizes with her. It's so painfully boring without him around, Sayu has to come to realize that (and, while Sayu doesn't care much about Kira or his

justice, it's certainly entertaining enough that she forgets she has to suffer through a second life).

"I'm sure whatever your brother has in store, it will be fun." Ryuk nods his head like a child, as if he believes it. "If not, I'll just write his name in my notebook."

Well, Shinigamis have the merit of being clear, Sayu will give them that. She nods her head, not really bothered by the new information. Ryuk huffs out a laugh, as if she's surprised him.

"But, little miss, that piece of the notebook he gave you..." And Ryuk trails off, eyes fixated on her.

"He said I'd know when to use it." She adds, rolling her eyes. That's just like her brother, cryptic to a fault. Sayu doesn't know what her brother expects - she'll never use it, not that way.

Murder doesn't suit her (especially since she knows that it's useless, that whoever she would kill would just be reborn somewhere and where's the fun in that).

"That piece of the notebook is not Light's."

Sayu blinks at the word and Ryuk nods his head, sending her a full-fledge ominous grin.

"Not Light's?" She asks because she isn't sure she follows. "Then, it's Amane-san's?"

"If your brother touched it, he would not regain his memories. At least, not all of them." Ryuk stares at her, really stares at her. "But, Misa would."

And, just like that, it clicks.

"Oh!" Sayu sits up suddenly and, when she turns her head to stare at her alarm clock, it's barely four o'clock. "Misa would have to make the eye deal again, yeah?"

Ryuk nods his head lazily.

"And that would shorten her lifespan again?" Ryuk doesn't have to nod, no, Sayu already knows the answer and she has to marvel at her brother, because sometimes he's just so smart it's creepy.

She lets herself fall back on her bed with a loud thump and pulls up her blankets so she can snuggle better.

"Are you just going back to bed, little miss?" Ryuk asks with a chuckle.

"Well, yes." She closes her eyes. "They can wait a few more hours."

From the darkness, the last thing she hears before she is lulled back to sleep is Ryuk's deep, boisterous laughter, as if a warning for what is to come next.

"So?" Her brother asks when she enters the main room of the Task Force. She has not come to visit him in some time and while she feigns to be busy with school, it's mostly because this new Light is just too -

"So?" She repeats, blinking at him. "Did you catch Kira?"

Her brother sends her a look, the kind that he used to send her all the time when they were younger and she would say something that lacked tact. He should be used to it by now.

"Well, no." He shakes his head and his eyes trail towards the detective who is still very much handcuffed to him and looking dazed as he munches on a cookie. "I wonder who's fault that is..."

"If Light-kun is suggesting that we haven't caught Kira because of me..." The detective's voice is blasé and bored, as he licks the crumbs from the corner of his mouth. "Well, I supposed he is right, if Light-kun believes he isn't Kira."

"See?" Her brother says, looking at her with impatience and disbelief. "He still thinks I'm Kira."

Behind her, Ryuk hovers upside down, watching the scene with a stupidly pleased grin on his face. Sayu knows he won't ever admit it, but she's pretty sure the Shinigami misses her brother in his own, twisted way.

"Where's Otou-san?" Sayu asks because she really cannot be bothered by all of this.

"He's out running an errand." Her brother answers easily, never once breaking his staring contest with the detective.

"And Amane-san?" Sayu fully knows that even if she acted suspicious, those two probably wouldn't notice.

"In her bedroom, on the seventh floor." This time it's the detective that answers. He also doesn't bother to look at her and continues to stare at her brother.

"Okay." With that said, Sayu moves towards the elevators and, before going up, sends a look towards Ryuk as if wondering if he'll follow her.

But the Shinigami isn't paying attention to her anymore and seems fully intent on staying there and watching as Light and the detective exchange barbs with no real edge to team while staring at each other never blinking (if Sayu did not know better, she'd think they were enjoying this, the constant bickering, the looks filled with tension and something else she can't quite place).

"Oh, Sayu-chan!" At least someone seems mildly happy to see her. Misa Amane opens her bedroom door with a smile and ushers her inside, telling her to sit on the couch. "Did you come to see me?"

"Well, you and my brother." Sayu starts, smiling at the older woman. "But him and L were arguing..." She trails off and the blonde model

nods her head gravely, as if she understands, really understands.

And she probably does, really.

"It's okay." The blonde finally says, clapping her hands together with a new determination. "We can spend some time together, just us girls."

"Actually, I bought a new mascara and I was wondering if you could show me how to get the best results?" Sayu says sweetly, too sweet and too dazed. The blonde claps her hands again and nods her head excitedly, as if she hasn't heard anything this interesting in months.

Well, at least until the blonde reaches for the tube and holds it in her hands, then, she looks at her, really looks at her.

Sayu smiles.

"I just want something that will compliment my eyes."

a/n: Is that an update? Why yes, I think it is. Honestly, I have no excuses as to why I didn't update sooner, mostly lack of inspiration. But there it is, chapter thirteen. Thank you to everyone who took the time to review, I'm happy you guys enjoy Sayu as much as I do and continue to cheer for her. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, let me know what you thought and I will see you guys next time.

Chapter 14

Life is unfair.

Twenty-Three Percent

| my peanut butter chocolate cake with Kool-Aid |

Life is -

(justice best served hot and cakes best served cold, with the icing on top hard enough to hold on a fork and the unending chase after criminals and church bells that only you can hear and insomnia on rainy days).

Life is unfair.

L knows, knows better than anyone. He learns fast to stop caring, about the deaths, about the murders, about the victims and the ones they leave in their wake to mourn them. No, what L cares about is his own satisfaction, his pride and vanity, to see the light leave the eyes of those who torture and kill as they realize they've been caught, no more exits.

There are so very few things L cares about, his satisfaction, his pride and his vanity (and, maybe, Wammy, in some deep, weird way, but even that...)

Light Yagami attacks his vanity and Kira, his pride - both combined means L cares, about this case, too much and more so than ever before. He wants Light Yagami brought to justice just as much as he doesn't want him to be Kira and to continue the chase with him.

L cares, about this, about his pride and vanity and, indirectly, about Light Yagami; the unparalleled genius, vain and beautiful, smarter than anyone, maybe even smarter than L, but life -

Life is unfair.

But L never thought it would be *that* unfair, that life would hand him, only once, *him*, the chase that makes his heart race and those sleepless nights meaningful, this boy, Light Yagami and -

And have him attached to someone else.

He doesn't mean Misa, of course not. No, anyone with half a brain can see that they are both so very unmatched, that, while Misa Amane isn't dumb or as stupid as she pretends to be, her infatuation towards Light is most likely one-sided.

No, he doesn't mean Misa Amane - L means *her* .

(his brain spits out the last word bitterly and L is a lot like a child in this way, childish and bitter, especially when someone steals his toys or, in this case, has a better one than he will ever have merely because they got it first).

At first, he overlooks the second of the Yagami children because there is nothing that stands out besides her striking resemblance to her older brother, but, even then, not everything is the same -

She appears to be in a daze, always second best in school, popular and well-liked, her father's little girl and her mother's soft angel. When L glances at her for the first time from the files on his desk, he stares for a second and then quickly pushes it to the side, bored and ready for the next one.

But, and L will never admit it aloud, no, only in his own mind can he accept it - that was a mistake. Because where Kira is brazen and quick to act, there are moments, just a few, where he is calm and detached, cool and level-headed.

That's when L starts to pay closer attention to her, to them as a whole.

Sayu Yagami and Light Yagami share a bond, a bond that runs deeper than even L can fathom. While everyone seeks Light's companionship, the only one he wants is his sister's, always in her room or out with her, bringing her along everywhere.

She is his equal.

So, when L finally comes in, when life hands to the detective the chase that makes his heart race and those sleepless nights meaningful, this boy, Light Yagami -

He's already taken. He's already found his equal, the one to match him, the one that captures his attention and makes him puzzled, the mystery he wants to unravel, the chase he's always been after.

And L is left with only a shell of a boy that should have been his greatest adversary, with only half the passion and half the drive and half the attention.

Kira will triumph over L, but Light and Ryuzaki? No, it was never that way, because while Kira may be preoccupied with L, Light Yagami's attention was never truly on Ryuzaki and he only paid him mind because he had to, because his precious little sister could not be there.

Every arrangement has been made, every paper signed and, as the rain falls heavily, drenching everything; his shirt, his jeans, his hair and his face, L can only think about how unfair it is, that the one battle that was meant to put meaning in his life was stolen from him.

(even the church bells are faint where they should be loud, the sound so far away when it should be near, this, this is all wrong).

As he finally makes his pitiful way inside - it's been only a day since he doesn't have to wear the handcuffs and Misa Amane seems to have regained some of her old perspective - the first one to greet him is *her* .

L takes her in, her black rain boots, her clear umbrella shaped like a dome dripping on the floor, her school uniform. Her big doe eyes blink up at him and then -

Her expression sobers until there's almost nothing there except for cool detachment, as if she can't even be bothered to pretend in front of him anymore.

"You're wet." Her tone is cool, detached and factual. There is nothing soft or dazed and, for a moment, L can only think that she sounds older than she should be, older than she really is.

"Well..." When he moves, his shirt sticks to his skin. He nods his head. "Yes, I am. Is Yagami-chan going to lecture me about how I could catch a cold?"

She tilts her head to the side and blinks.

"I don't think you should be bothered by a cold." She offers with a shrug of her shoulders and the air around her, it's different.

If this is the way she is with her brother, L can almost see why the latter is so curious - almost.

"Maybe not, but colds can lead to death, sometimes." He taunts her.

She sends him a smile then. It wishful and pained and nothing L expects.

"But death really isn't as bad as most people make it out to be." She finally moves towards him, her umbrella dragging on the floor.

L wants to comment, wants to know how anyone could possibly know what death is like, but he has a feeling that she wouldn't answer that question, not truly anyways.

As she passes by him, L uncharacteristically reaches out for her. His fingers wrap around her wrist and he can feel how warm she is

compared to him. He can hear a pulse and hears her breath, so, no - his theory about her being dead just doesn't add up.

"I think that in any other circumstance, I would've gotten along with Yagami-chan." L releases her and watches as her brows furrow.

"But, at this very moment, I despise you."

She smiles at that and, for once, it seems honest; the smile. It makes her look older and happier and wise - like a woman that is twice, maybe three times older than her.

"Maybe we'll meet someday under different circumstances." When L blinks at her, she shrugs her shoulders and her face becomes cool and dazed, soft and airy. She moves away from him and walks past, leaving L wet and alone in the middle of the corridor.

When finally makes it to the main room of the Task Force, he can see something different in Light Yagami's eyes, something darker that runs deep, a fire that burns red and that consumes all.

Here she is, in the middle of it all, seated next to her brother, a smile on her lips as he hovers closer to her, her head tilted to the side as he talks to her and shows her something or another.

And, while the last thing L hears is Light's confession as he dies in his killer's arms, the last thing L sees is Sayu Yagami, remaining in her seat even as people rush to his side, tilting her head to the side with an envious look in her eyes, as if she wants to take his place.

a/n: wow, this was depressing. sorry if you guys were expecting a happy chapter and, well, it sucks, but that was bound to happen because even in the real death note it happens too. please don't be too mad at me and, well, at least everyone got that L POV they wanted... yay. ok, no. but, seriously, thanks so much to everyone who reads and takes the time to review and I hope you will continue to enjoy it even after this... anyways,

thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed and drop a review, they are much appreciated. next time is, well, next arc. see you then.

Chapter 15

These days, it's so hard to tell where her brother ends and his mass murdering alter ego begins.

Twenty-Three Percent

| but it's a special death you saved for me, the brown-eyed daughter
|

And the world stops to make sense after that (not that it ever did, make sense and Sayu never pauses for a moment to come up with some coherent answers about this world, no, she never does).

Somewhere between L's death (when the life leaves his eyes, he's staring straight at her, straight through her, lucky bastard) and Kira becoming God of the New World (these days, it's so hard to tell where her brother ends and his mass murdering alter ego begins) -

There it is, her future, scattered across her bed and on the floor, pieces of paper stuffed in files and envelopes, printed ink in pretty fonts that make the words seem more important than they really are.

Sayu often wondered what it would feel like the second time around, this time as Sayu Yagami, the youngest children of the Yagami household and the sister of one of the most prestigious young minds of his generation.

(She can't fully recall the first time that well, the past is far and moments come in glimpses, but she knows enough that there had only been one school she'd applied too and, even then, it hadn't been her decision, it hadn't been her dream, but the old her hardly had her own dreams, merely those belonging to someone else.)

Sayu has no dream school, no enthusiasm as her mother hands her yet another large brown envelope with a smile, no real emotion as

she drops the twenty or so files on her bed and sighs as she realizes that she actually has to make a decision.

(She often wondered what it would feel like and, if she's honest, she doesn't feel anything, she can't).

"I think most humans would be happy, no?" Ryuk floats on the opposite side of her bed, completely facing her as he tilts his head to the side curiously.

"I'm not unhappy." That's the truth. If she can't feel, then she can't be unhappy. "I'm just not happy either." It seems more like a bother than anything else. She is asked to make a decision when other people have always made them for her.

Ryuk's eyes shine and he lets out a low sound, almost like a whistle, as if he doesn't understand, can't understand her (but can demons that are fed apples and kill people with notebooks and heart attacks really understand humans when she barely can).

A soft, heavy knock snaps her out of her philosophical examination of her life (it's not her brother, because Light never bothers to knock and her mother's is quieter).

"Come in." She calls out, not bothering to turn around and continues to stare at the papers on her bed, strewn around in no particular order.

"Sayu." Her father. Sayu turns and blinks at him, because her father seldom comes inside her room. "Your mother told me, that you were accepted in all the schools you applied to."

He sends a smile and he's proud, because Soichiro is always proud of whatever she does, no matter how small, but his smile is tired and his face is older, eyes haunted (because her father isn't dumb, far from it and Light has to be Kira, he knows, he just won't accept it).

"Yes." Sayu nods her head and motions towards her bed. "But now, I have to choose."

Her father's feature become a little less tense as he takes in her answer.

"Did you ask your brother?" Her father should know better. Light doesn't need to be asked, he gives his opinion whether the other person listens are not.

"He said I should attend To-Oh, like him." He only has a year left, but he'd want her there, close to him, would want her to follow in his footsteps (because Light likes to be followed just as much as he likes to kill people and proclaim himself king).

"Yes, To-Oh is a very nice school with very high ratings." Her father plays with the collar of his suit and Sayu thinks he looks nervous, tired and nervous. "But, maybe, you should consider a school outside of Japan."

Sayu tilts her head to the side.

"Wouldn't it be a nice experience for you? And I'm sure we can find scholarships for international students. Your mother mentioned you applied to a few in Europe, maybe one of those?"

And then it dawns on her.

Her father, the man who'd always appeared to care more about his job than his wife and children, is trying to protect her. He wants her out of Japan, away from her brother, away from *Kira* .

Sayu wonders what her brother would do if he knew, if Light knew that their father was trying to separate them, to send her very far away (Light would never harm their father or their mother, but Kira, she isn't so sure about Kira).

"Otou-san.." Sayu stares at him. "Could you help me choose?" She asks with her voice soft and even, not quite so dazed like it usually is (her mask feels heavy and she wishes she could feel more for this man, her father, the only true father she's ever known, really).

"Yes." And he nods his head, almost in relief. "Yes, I would like that."

Sayu's smile is also one of relief (she is so used to other people choosing that she realizes that she has no idea how this works, she is too numb, not by choice, to the world around her).

When she turns back towards the bed, Ryuk's eyes have turned into slits and his grin is carved from nightmares and, if Sayu was anyone else, she would take a step back in horror.

(But no, it's almost endearing, the way he points at random files with claw like fingers and tries to make faces at her father when he clearly can't see him, almost).

Her father and her spend the rest of the day sorting through the twenty or so files, making piles and then throwing some of them out, looking at charts and scholarships and success rates and testimonies, stopping at some point for some lunch and then diving right back in.

Her father is a man on a mission (and if Light got his drive and ambition from someone, it certainly isn't Sachiko, the happy housewife and stay at home mother).

"I decided on which university I'll attend." She declares during the traditional Yagami household dinners (not so traditional these days, since it's rare for all of them to be at home at the same).

"Oh?" Her brother quirks an eyebrow (it's so hard to tell these days, where Light ends and his mass murdering alter ego beings, but Sayu has a feeling that just like she isn't one or the other, but two, her brother and Kira are both one).

"Yes." Sayu nods her head and then smiles at her brother. "I chose Oxford."

Well, no, her father chose Oxford because of the reputation of its law department, the fact that they offered her a very generous scholarship and that it isn't an American one. Sayu merely agrees because she has nothing against the United Kingdom.

"Oh my!" Sachiko covers her mouth with her hand, proud and sentimental. "But Sayu, that's so far away."

"On another continent." Her brother doesn't seem pleased, well, no, on the surface he looks surprised and happy for her, but the inside is full of questions and Kira's voice in his ear whispering dark, twisted things.

"I think it will be a nice experience, teach me to be more independent." Sayu smiles like the almost eighteen-year-old she's supposed to be, the one who wants to be more like an adult. "Ne, Otou-san?"

"Yes." Her father clears his throat. "And you'll come back for holidays and summer break."

"Of course." It their secret, her and her father's.

Sayu wonders - about what Light would do if he knew, if her brother knew that their father was trying to separate them. She peers at him and notices how his jaw is slacked and she knows that later, there'll be hell to pay.

But her brother would never harm her (her father, however, she isn't so sure).

a/n: A month and a half later, here is the next chapter. You can also consider this an intermission, like the one on the show. Ever since I started this story, I knew I wanted one scene with

Sayu and Soichiro trying to protect her, and there it is. I know it's not as fancy as L's death or Light taking over the world as Kira, but I just thought it was essential for the next part of this story. Thanks for sticking with me even through last chapters, I'm glad to know that people still enjoy this story even if I know a lot of you love L as a character. Anyways, enough rambling on my part. Thank you so much for reading, feedback is, as always, very much appreciated and I hope you enjoyed (even if you didn't, drop a review to tell me what you didn't like). See you next time.

Chapter 16

Her future is solid and clear.

Twenty-Three Percent

| I'll seek you out, flay you alive |

Even after all these years, people are still curious -

Kira has overthrown governments, has made prominent men of this world sign accords that guarantee him power, he has taken over media and uses it as propaganda to sing his praises.

Others who study law with her joke that if Kira has his way, they'll never be able to find a job. Every day criminals drop dead, every day there's a new paper that publishes the name of the diseased, like a sweet warning to anyone who wants to try and defy him.

No one tries to stop him anymore, at least not publicly and some hopefuls suggest that Kira may be their savior, that peace and quiet can finally happen now that he's here to redeem them of all their sins.

Sayu knows better.

Her brother may delude himself thinking that he's creating peace, but he's not. No, what binds people to inaction is fear and they are indeed very scared of him.

Because, even after all these years, people are still curious about how Kira kills.

L had been close, closer than anyone. And that was probably his downfall in the end. He was so close, too close and he missed it. Every piece of the puzzle had been in front of him and he'd missed it

completely, focusing too much on Light Yagami and not enough on Kira.

If L, the greatest detective who had ever lived, couldn't even find how Kira killed, then Sayu knows that no one will ever be smart enough to grasp the source of his power.

Without any weapons, there will never be suspects and, without suspects, no one will ever be imprisoned.

Fear and power are linked very closely and the more powerful Kira becomes, the more people will fear him and the more people fear him, the more power he'll have.

"Miss Yagami." Her teacher intercepts her on her way to lunch. He's a middle-aged man with a very classy accent and always wearing tweed. "I just wanted to congratulate you on your latest paper. The way you explained the subject, why, it almost seemed like you had inner knowledge of how a psychopath's mind works."

"Thank you." She blinks at him and smiles, dazed and amused. "I just did a lot of research."

And research means she called her brother.

"I'm sure you did." He's an indulgent man who likes to think he's shaping up the future generations to take on the world. He's a hopeful one. "Please continue your good work. I look forward to the next assignment you hand in."

Sayu watches after him as he walks away, briefcase in hand and wonders if he's the kind who sits in front of the television at night and enjoys being spoon-fed controlled information.

She shakes her head, thinks that he would be the type to write fancy, overly descriptive letters of recommendations if she asked and then proceeds to the cafeteria that is filled and noisy.

Even here, in a foreign country, she finds people who take to her kind smiles and hazy personality. She finds a space to sit next to a few people who all share her floor in her dorm and only half listens to them as they talk about upcoming papers and final exams.

It's almost the end of spring.

She'll be back in Japan soon enough.

Her father pays for every plane ticket - the ones on Christmas and in the summer. He's always happy to have her back and even happier when she leaves. When she talks to him on the phone, he's tired and almost resigned - almost.

Kira operates out of Japan, everyone knows that. He wouldn't be a student anymore, no, he'd be a working man by now.

Her brother has started his days as the new recruit of the NPA and probably works closely with their father and the old Task Force (he's taken on L's role, but L is merely a distant memory after all this time).

He's moved in with Misa, to no one's surprise and Sayu's almost certain her father was the one who suggested it (he wants him far, but close, as if he'll catch him slip up at some point and she never thinks to warn her father that her brother is not above killing his family for his delusions of grandeur).

It's been five years since her brother picked up the Death Note, four since L's death, three since Kira overtook his first government and two since she decided to leave Japan behind at her father's insistence.

The future is solid and clear. She'll finish her studies and return home. She'll become a prosecutor and will take her place as Kira's right hand because her brother would have no one else fill the spot.

Her brother will marry Misa and have children, securing his legacy. Her mother will be overjoyed at having grandchildren and her father will one day become senile and hope to forget he cursed the world with the most notorious serial killer to have ever lived.

Sayu will be an aunt and then, one day, she'll be expected to marry and have her own family. She'll settle for a man who doesn't ask too many questions and has no real interest in her besides the fact that she comes from a respectable family. He'll want children and she'll decline for as long as she can before attempting motherhood and failing miserably at it.

And one day, after too much alcohol and prescribed medication, when her children are old enough to not need their incompetent mother and her husband will have left her for someone he actually loves, she'll kill herself, repeating the same story somewhere else, in a different world.

She has come to find that the future makes her lethargic and she craves the end of it, craves the darkness of death even if she knows what is meant to happen after it.

Her future is solid and clear.

"Do you mind switching seats with me?" Sayu blinks from her thoughts and finds herself staring at a young man, probably her age with blond hair. He has an accent, but it isn't the typical English drawl and he's dressed in black leather, his body almost too feminine to match his dark, boyish face. "I hate the window ones and they always seem to put me in them."

"Sure." She moves over with ease, pushing her body in the seat next to the window. He doesn't smile at her, but nods and plops down without grace in her previous plane chair.

Of all the things he could pull out of his pocket, it's a chocolate bar.

"Attention everyone..." A feminine voice cuts through the mindless chatter of the economy class. "The flight will depart soon, please buckle your seatbelts and power off your electronic devices. Thank you for your consideration and enjoy your flight."

The man next to her scoffs, mouth filled with chocolate and rolls his eyes in her direction, as if he's so used to the plain message flight attendants deliver he's done with them.

How odd, Sayu thinks, that he acts as if he knows her.

a/n : Is this considered a cliff-hanger? I'm not sure. The future may not be as solid and clear as Sayu hoped. I should be studying for finals and instead I'm writing weird stuff - inspiration is a tricky, tricky thing. What did you think? Thank you to everyone who reviewed and continues to read, you're all lovely. Hope you enjoyed, thanks for reading and drop a review to share your thoughts. Till next time.

Chapter 17

They try to scare her, at first.

Twenty-Three Percent

| one more word and you won't survive |

Sayu's dreams always paint pretty pictures, vivid and clear, bursting with colors, a stark contrast to real life which is always smeared with beige and brown.

Even when she rouses from sleep and blinks away the fatigue, the bright hues still follow her for a second or two, memories she should not possess, hidden in the confines of her mind, secrets she never speaks of and buries so deep even she sometimes forget they exist.

And while this is familiar, pastels behind her lids when she closes her eyes and the light-headedness that accompanies early morning calls, heart still slow and sleepy, Sayu knows that this, this is not a dream.

Her curiosity is subdued and there is something that moves inside her skin as she tries to sit up and fails, the realization that she has no strength left to accomplish this task. She's laid flat on something hard, most likely the floor and she feels a chill run up and down her spine as she realizes most of her body is pressed against something cool to the touch.

Sayu turns her head to the side and blinks as she finds her reflection staring back. It's not a mirror, not exactly, more like glass that can cast light easily. Brown eyes move up and down slowly as they take in her wrinkled clothes, her hair spilling on the floor and her palm flat on the ground besides her head as if she's fallen down and tried to brace herself from the impact.

What she remembers is boarding the plane and switching seats with some blonde boy who chewed through two chocolate bars before the flight even took off - the rest is hazy.

"Am I dead?" She asks, the question mostly directed at herself because she does not expect an answer. There is something ephemeral about this situation, about her reflection coming from every direction.

"No, you're not." A voice carries inside the cocoon of glass, bored and breathing in deeply. "But you were feed a cocktail of narcotics that could put down a horse, so..." And it trails off, exhaling deeply.

Sayu doesn't make another attempt of sitting up and finds that here, with her cheek resting on the floor, she is not entirely uncomfortable.

"So, not dead then." She tries to keep the disappointment in her voice and fails. "Just knocked out." The drugs in her system do explain why there are time holes in her memory and why she feels sluggish and weak.

There is a snort.

"I told him not to use too much, but he never listens." It seems like the words have no context, not that Sayu would ever look for one - they come out exasperated, but there's obviously a hint of fondness there.

"Should I ask where I am?" Because this is definitely not the Yagami household in Japan, the place where she would probably be right now. This isn't her room and the voice is unfamiliar.

"Somewhere in America." She doesn't complain at the vague answer because she has no fight at all in her. Worst, now that she actually has some idea, she relaxes even more in her position.

This isn't about her. No, this is about her brother and, for once, someone has realized that the best and only way to get to Light

Yagami is to go through his little sister. She mentally grades them with a C for the effort.

"Can I sleep some more?" Sayu yawns, not able to cover her mouth and the sound carries, reverberates against the surface of her prison.

"Sure." Comes the reply. It is followed merely seconds later by the sound of fire, a pause and then a very long inhale.

Sayu shuffles a bit on the floor, closes her eyes and listens to the sound of breathing that lulls her to sleep.

"This is not kidnapping." He's familiar and Sayu recognizes the name that floats at the top of his head, numbers etched clearly under it. "This is just a means to an end and you happen to be the means."

He stands in front of her, blonde hair and body clad in pieces of leather that look tight and uncomfortable. Her reflection doesn't stare back anymore and Sayu is reminded of two-way mirrors, the type used in police stations for interrogation rooms, but not exactly.

She's lost track of time, isn't really sure what day it is or how long it's been since she was brought to *somewhere* in America. She wakes up a second time, woozy, but much more aware.

They try to scare her, at first. Sayu wakes up and, now that she's finally able to take in her surroundings, realizes that she is trapped and that this is a prison, meant to keep her. Her skin feels sweaty and her clothes stick to her skin.

Someone is shot in front of her, blood splatter all over the glass. Sayu merely raises an eyebrow and continues to trace patterns on the ground. Her stomach clenches because of hunger, but even when they push trays through the small opening in what she assumes is a door, she never bothers to take it.

They threaten to force feed her, but her calm apathy never wavers. Her body tries to fit the dehydration and she's pretty sure she's causing plenty of damage to herself - but she doesn't care.

At some point, there's an irritated groan and the blonde, who she hasn't seen since the plane ride, marches in front of her and levels a glare at her. She's sprawled on the floor, staring at the ceiling.

"I can't use you as bait if you're dead." He punctuates the end of the sentence by pulling out a chocolate bar from his pocket and taking an angry bite out of it.

"Well..." Sayu starts out, voice hoarse because of the lack of water. "You can always pretend I'm alive." She offers.

Her lack of interest at her survival catches him off guard. His surprise lasts merely a second before the scowl returns on his face, but Sayu sees it anyways. She's turned her head to the side now and studies him quietly through half closed lids.

"If you want to die..." He practically growls out. "I can make that happen." It's mean as a threat, she knows that much, but Sayu smiles at the words, the skin around her mouth cracking slightly.

"Really?" Hope is not something she's allowed herself very often, but it seems like this boy with blonde hair could actually make it happen.

"You're so fucking weird." He doesn't bother acknowledging her previous question. "No wonder L wrote pages after pages about you."

Sayu blinks at the information that is handed to her. It's been so very long since she's heard that name and thought about the detective, actually thought about him - but it does make sense. Someone that important would leave a legacy, people to continue the chase even after he was long gone.

A blonde with a penchant for leather seems a bit odd, but the detective had always been odd (if he bothered to write about her, she can only imagine what he wrote about her brother, probably an entire book).

Sayu feels faint and she's tired, so very tired. If she is to be kept as a prisoner, she would much rather be left alone (and if the blonde is somehow linked to L, then she knows what he's so afraid of).

Carefully, she shifts in her position and turns her entire body towards him. She studies him slowly, her eyes starting from the bottom until she's reached the top of his head.

She lets out a breath and offers him a small smile.

"Mihael Keehl is a bit of a weird name, don't you think?" She says the words slowly and sweetly, soft and quiet, as if whispering secrets that are meant to be kept between two people only.

The chocolate bar drops to the floor and Sayu, content, slides on her back and closes her eyes.

a/n : Sayu plays mind games with Mello. It's pretty funny if I do say so myself. Did you like it? I would like to take a moment that thank everyone who reads this story. It's become something I never thought it would, the amount of follows and favorites and reviews and views are almost overwhelming. The feedback is lovely and encouraging and I'm grateful to each and everyone of you. Thank you so much and I hope you enjoyed, let me know what you thought and I'll see you next time.

Chapter 18

A part of her, small and almost non-existent, but still there, wants to know what her big brother will do when he finds her.

Twenty-Three Percent

| and i'm not scared of your stolen power, see right through you any hour |

White. White. *White* .

When Sayu opens her eyes, she is assaulted by it - the white. This isn't her mirror cell anymore and there is no floor under her. There's a steady beeping noise, mechanically engineered, and the white, it's everywhere.

Slowly, she shuffles on herself and finds no harsh surface there. No, instead blankets rustle with her movements and the bed under her, while not entirely comfortable, is sturdy and softer than the floor.

She blinks at the ceiling, more white and then turns her head to the side when someone clears their throat.

"Ah." There is no real emotion there, not any Sayu cares to find anyways. "You're awake." It likes to state the obvious. The white melts together, her pupils dilating until she finally makes out a shape.

He fits in with the white, clinical décor. Curls of white hair, a pale face, chubby cheeks and button nose. He sits oddly in a chair near her bed, the posture not entirely unfamiliar. He's younger than her or maybe older.

Sayu's throat closes in when she opens her mouth and tries to speak. She closes her lips together, a thin line and realizes that maybe the lack water has caused her to be temporally mute. He

doesn't seem bothered by it, her muteness and merely points to the table next to her, where a glass with a straw rests.

She reaches for it, realizes her hands are stabbed with needles and tubes. There are wires connected to her heart and the beeping is slow, steady and matches her still beating heart (she'd hoped, but then hope had always eluded her).

She holds the water glass carefully, with a great amount of effort and pushes her lips around the straw to take one, two carefully sips. It burns and it hurts, but after the third one it cools. She doesn't take a fourth one and instead holds the glass, let's her fingers soak up the moist droplets that have fallen over the edge.

The silence stretches between them and Sayu focuses. He's not familiar, not his voice, not his face and not even the name that bleeds blood red at the top of his head.

"Would you like to know where you are?" Nate River asks. Sayu shrugs her shoulders painfully. The small movement makes shivers run up and down her spine. He regards her, emotionless. "Or maybe you would like to know how you came to be here?"

Sayu blinks and then shakes her head. She opens her mouth and then closes it and then opens it once more.

"Mihael Keehl?" She croaks out the name, every letter distorted, but he understands. He understands because she can see he tenses up in his seat and Sayu has to wonder what it is about young looking boys who all fear the knowledge of their names said aloud.

He studies her for a moment, grey eyes analyzing everything as if he's careful he'll miss something.

"Do you see it, my name?" She nods her head, doesn't see the sense in pretending. She's tired, so very tired and she wants him to leave, no, she wants to die. "I would encourage you not to say it out loud, given the circumstances."

She would roll her eyes, but the thought of it sounds painful.

"But yes, he handed you over to me. You scared him, very much so." There's something pleased in his voice. "And you required medical assistance urgently. You almost died."

She's too tired to conceal the disappointment from her face. Every muscle twitches and it pains her, pains her that she was so close and it escaped her - *again* .

He blinks at her carefully.

"You want to die." He says it blandly. Sayu doesn't bother nodding her head, the thought of death, of finding some sort of relief, even for just a moment -

"I'm afraid I can't allow that for now." And he doesn't sound apologetic, not even a little. "There is too much at stake and you are the only leverage I currently have. I need you alive."

Her eyes would narrow, but she finds that hating him would only make her more tired.

"Light Yagami is Kira." He tells her. "And you're the only known person on this earth that would cause him to make a mistake."

Sayu blinks at him, disappointment gone and replaced with bland curiosity. Light would sacrifice a lot for her, she knows that much, but he wouldn't make a mistake, he wouldn't, not with Kira whispering sweet words of chaos in his ears, telling tales of death and megalomania.

Light would kill for her, but he wouldn't die and making a mistake would mean dying and her brother would never allow all his hard work to be undone just for his little sister.

L knew better. L understood. L would have been the only person who could have stopped Kira and pale imitations of him won't even come

close. They are clever to use her because it will get a rise out of him, but not in the way they think (if anything, Light will be furious and Kira will feed that hunger, cause him to be even more vicious and unforgiving and they will pay, pay for it all).

For the first time since she blinked herself awake, Sayu feels the twitch of her lips upwards, a slow smile making the skin around her mouth wrinkle.

He blinks at her again, glancing at her as if he doesn't quite know what to make of her. She coughs when she tries to speak, but the pain is nothing new and the monitor in sync with her heart spikes up at her fit.

Finally, when she's able to breath and the coughing has died out a little, she regards him with cool detachment, and tilts her head to the side.

"You're an idiot." She delivers flatly, the words dry on her tongue. From under the mop of white hair, she thinks she sees his eyebrows twitch in annoyance and his face becomes something a bit more sober.

He stands up then, crouched, an imitation of a man he'll never quite become and let's one of his finger coil around a strand of hair. He plays with it, a tick that reminds her of how the greatest detective alive pressed his thumb in between his lips when he wanted to seem unbothered.

"You need to rest." And then he walks towards the door and Sayu, who would much rather be by herself, watches him leave without much emotions.

When he's gone, Sayu replaces the glass of water on the small table next to her bed and wonders how long it would take for someone to appear if she started ripping off the tubes and needles piercing her skin.

Maybe she can try to smother herself with a pillow (but a part of her, small and almost non-existent, but still there, wants to know what her big brother will do when he finds her).

a/n : Sayu really has no tact, but I can't really blame her given her circumstances. People really seemed to enjoy how she handled Mello and I hope you enjoyed her interactions with Near. She'll have plenty in the near future, with Mello, Matt and Near. This is where I'd like to offer my thanks to everyone who reviewed and favourited and followed and just read this story. You are lovely, lovely readers and your encouragement means the world. Your thoughts are always welcomed. So, let me know what you thought and drop a review. I hope you enjoyed, thank you for reading and I'll see you next time.

Chapter 19

You know what you have to do.

Twenty-Three Percent

| Betcha crawl, all alone |

It's a sunny afternoon - the air is hot and the breeze, if you can even call it, is permeated with heat.

Light Yagami yawns, stretches and repositions himself. There's a hand in his hair, brushing soft curls away from his face absentmindedly. The movements never stop, not even when he blinks himself awake.

He smiles, boyish dimples making him seem years younger.

"Imouto." He calls out easily, eagerly.

Sayu pauses, eyes flickering downwards to find his (it's a familiar scene; him, with his head resting in her lap and her, a hand in his hair and the other with a book about whatever law she decided to study this week).

The park is filled with people that day. There are elderly couples sharing benches and young kids lazily kicking a ball around. There's a fountain somewhere, people sitting near it with hopes that water splashes will cool their flushed skin and heat-induced lethargy.

(they are both younger or maybe they aren't - the picture isn't all that clear, but it's both of them, two faces that share too many similar traits not to be related - but it hardly matters as long as they are together).

"I had the weirdest dream." He tells her, voice still rough from sleep.

"Oh?" The book in her hand is small and dark. There no pictures on the cover, not that Light expected to find any. Her attention is entirely on him (as it should be, really, just like his entire focus is on her).

She closes the book with her thumb and leaves it to lie in the grass. She makes a movement with her now free hand, a wave encouraging him to tell her - the other hasn't stopped moving in his hair.

"I dreamt that someone took you away from me."

She raises one of her eyebrows, curious, but calm, she's always so calm. For a second, she stays silent and observes him slowly (the memory of the dream is still fresh in his mind, carrying the feel of helplessness and anger even as he blinked himself awake only to find her there, waiting for him).

She offers him a smile then, not exactly amused, no, not exactly, but there's that faint twitch at the corner of her lips, almost likes she wants to laugh.

"Why would anyone want to take me?" There's disbelief tainting her words. "You're much more interesting to play with."

He rolls his eyes, but there's a smile - he takes the compliment like everything else she gives him, completely and utterly, without ever second guessing.

"They'd take you, especially if they wanted to play with me." She blinks at his words, brown eyes the exact same shade of his mirroring his own. "You're the only one I'd care to go look for."

She hums, one of her fingers twisting around a curl (she's not flattered or even shaken by the admission, not that he expected her to be - she offers very little in terms of feelings, but he knows she is bound to him nonetheless, wouldn't trust anyone else to keep his secrets and be buried with them).

"And what would you do to find me, Onii-chan?" The question is asked softly, almost a breathy whisper. The breeze rustles in the trees in the background, causes more heat to fall on them.

Clouds move above them, huge, gray things that snuff out the light until there are only a few rays peeking shyly from underneath them. There's supposed to be a storm, he thinks, and yet no one moves to find shelter, couples still sharing benches and children motioning eagerly towards the sky.

Her fingers are moist as they trail to his forehead and he can feel soft droplets of sweat fall on his skin.

"I'd scorch the earth, leaving only trails of fire and destruction behind me." He says it with such certainty, such willpower that it's hard not to believe him (and sweet, hushed whispers in his ears of a voice so much like his own and yet different, split personalities and murder, chaos, mayhem).

It's start raining then, no presence of the sun anymore. It's a few, careful drops at first, but then it picks up. Everywhere around them is drenched in the torrential downpour, trees bending to try and accommodate the strength of the storm.

Children run in the rain, letting themselves be soaked from head to toe. Some even have their arms spread out, welcoming it. Elderlies produce umbrellas, always prepared, and the fountain isn't needed anymore, not when water flows freely from up above.

He can feel the water flood his clothes and yet Sayu remains dry, rain falling everywhere except on her. She bends over him, arches her back to cover his head with her body. It works (afloat, he tells himself, she keeps him afloat and with a cooled, leveled head).

"You know what you have to do." Even with the noise, he hears her words perfectly. He blinks then, at her, but the second he opens his eyes again - she is gone.

He straightens quickly, his eyes scanning around for her. He feels his chest clench, his heart open and flawed and filled with worry. He has to find her, he has to, but there are no traces of her, nothing left behind, except for the book that is now doused and damaged beyond recognition.

He scrambles to his feet, desperate, searching, needing. Everywhere around him there are people, but none that matter, none of them are her. He wants to run, but finds that he can't. He's paralyzed, not with fear, no, but with something much worse, something that keeps him firmly rooted in place.

His stomach lurches forward and he can taste iron in his mouth.

When he has nowhere else to look to, he chances a look at the sky, at the clouds who aren't so grey anymore - no, what he finds instead are huge, beady, yellow eyes that stare back at him and a wide grin, teeth well sharpened, ready to eat him, to *consume* him.

You know what you have to do.

Light is startled awake, breath coming out in hurried gasps. His forehead is drenched with sweat and his clothes are rumpled (he looks beautiful even like this, even with the sickness he feels and the dizziness in his brain).

It takes a minute, maybe two, for him to regain control of himself. He'd fallen asleep at his desk, papers thrown around careless, a few with moist droplets blurring the inked words.

Ryuk sends him a look, a mixture of amusement, indifference and curiosity.

Light runs a hand through his hair (he can still feel her hands in them, playing with a curl, soft, delicate, familiar, comforting) flattening a few curls. He tugs on his shirt, smoothing out creases and takes in a breath.

For a second, there is only the defining silence (Misa sleeps in another room, blissful unaware, and Ryuk observes him careful, a master waiting to see if his dog has learned a new trick).

(his temples throb and there is this, the sweet words whispered in his ears of murder, chaos and mayhem).

You know what you have to do.

He picks up the phone who'd fallen to the floor, unlocks it and presses the redial option. It rings once, twice and then it clicks. He doesn't wait for a greeting and promptly starts.

"You want Kira's weapon." He says. "I'll give it to you." He ends the call just after that.

Ryuk offers him a twisted, depraved smile.

Yes, he thinks, yes, he knows what he has to do.

a/n: I could spend some time explaining all the metaphors in this chapter, because there are some, a lot actually, but I'm lazy and sleepy. I love messing with Light. All I can say is, pardon my language, shit is about to hit the fan. Thank you so, so much for your support. Reviews, favorites, follows, everything. You are the best. Let me know what you thought of Light's POV, I know some of you really like it and I hope it was up to your standards. I hope you enjoyed, thank you for reading and drop a review to share your thoughts. I will see you next time.

Chapter 20

But you can look forward to the future.

Twenty-Three Percent

| i've been waiting for you to get your mind right |

Sayu dreams.

(maybe it's the fact that her veins pumps Diazepam instead of blood, maybe it's the starvation and dehydration, maybe it's that she finally broke, but Sayu -)

"Bad dream?"

Her eyes open wide. A hand smooths out the wrinkles on her forehead, caresses her hair. When she shifts to the side, she feels warmth.

When she looks up, Light stares back at her with amused curiosity. It takes a second to place where she is, but the familiarity of her room assaults her fairly quickly.

"Awful." She confides, burying her face in his shoulder. She feels his chest rumble when he laughs and one of his hands pets the top of her head as if she were a cat asking to have its ears scratched.

"Oh?" The mattress dips when he moves. She inhales his clothes, recognizes the brand of detergent their mother uses, soap and the smell of his aftershave.

She nods her head, nose pressed into his shirt.

(it feels like forever since she woke up to her brother sharing her space, the book he was reading forgotten on the edge of her bed)

"Should I ask?" Sayu shudders.

"I dreamt that I died and was reborn into a world where you were a mass murderer." Her face is still pressed into him and the words come out muffled.

She can feel him laugh and his fingers find a piece of hair that he plays with.

"I didn't know you believed in reincarnation." He offers teasingly and then takes a deep breath that makes his chest rise up and down. "And mass murdering seems messy."

"Not if you only had to write names down in a notebook."

"A notebook?" He's amused, but when she doesn't answer anything else, he sighs. "And what did you do about my mass murdering tendencies?"

Sayu closes her eyes and then opens them. There are stars behind her eyelids.

"Not much." She admits. "I didn't do anything, actually, even if I could have."

"Why not?" This conversation feels surreal.

"I could have tried to stop you, convinced you to stop. I think you would've listened." She's not sure, but she could have tried. "Or maybe I could've helped, I could've helped."

"How?"

"With my eyes." She tells him. "I knew and I didn't tell you."

"Eyes?" He repeats.

"Special eyes, Shinigami eyes. They bleed red numbers and letters at the top of your head. That's how I knew I had to help Otou-san."

His numbers bled too fast."

Sayu wonders if he thinks she's crazy or just has a very odd imagination. He doesn't comment on her insane words, however, and hums.

Silence is comforting between them. It flows between them like time and when she finally looks up, Light smiles in her direction. She sees dimples and molten milk chocolate eyes and love, too much of it.

"It's too late to fix the past, Imouto." He tells her. "But you can look forward to the future."

Sayu blinks at him.

"Are you psycho-analyzing me right now?" She quirks an eyebrow at him and he grins at her, wide and youthful, not a wrinkle on his pretty face.

"Maybe a bit." He's smug. "How did you feel, about being reborn?"

Sayu thinks for a moment. It doesn't take long to come up with an answer.

"I was angry, at first. I killed myself before and I was angry, angry about waking up again." It boiled her blood, the memory of it. "And then I saw you and it wasn't so bad anymore - the anger left for a while."

"And then I was killing people?"

"And then you were killing people." She nods her head. "You were killing people and making grandiose plans to rule the world and I was angry at you, angry for replacing me like that."

It smacks her in the face, the revelation spoken out loud. She recoils as if she's been hit, but Light's hold on her prevents her from moving.

When she looks back at him, his head is tilted to the side and he stares at her with a pleased expression, as if he's just discovered something that makes him extremely happy.

"You were jealous." He singsongs, pretentious and complacent. "You were jealous and it made you angry enough to not help me in my grandiose plan to rule the world."

"When you put it like that." She mutters under her breath, still a caught off guard about the new found information that swims in her mind.

"But, clearly, you miscalculated." He continues on.

"Miscalculated?"

"You thought I would replace you." He shakes his head. "I wouldn't, not even in your dream."

She would argue, but when she looks at his face she sees it, the open, raw honesty. No, even in her dreams, Light would not replace her, would not allow her to be replaced (her dead heart skips a beat).

She was angry at being reborn and he was the only thing that had made it bearable for a while. Numbness had been a choice, a choice to overlook what she hadn't wanted to see.

But then, her entire life, both times, had all been about choices - she'd just never seen it that way before.

" *Onii-chan...*" Her voice is soft. "What do I do now?"

He contemplates her for a second, pensive, and then grins at her after a moment or two.

"I think you know exactly what you have to do, Imouto." He's all teeth, straight and white. "But, first, I think you need to wake up."

Her eyes snap open, wide, so fast she thinks they might pop out of her head. White light assaults her eyes, too bright and too fast, it almost splits her skull in half. Pain spreads through her entire body and she would groan if her throat didn't feel like it was on fire.

There's a loud crash next to her bed and then hair in her noise, warm liquid on her cheek that she only realizes seconds later are tears.

"You're awake." Her mother croaks out, engulfing her in a hug that is both painful and soothing. She smells like that brand of detergent she buys and that flowery perfume Sayu buys for her every mother's day.

She whispers soft words and pet names into Sayu's hair until someone has to pull her away - her father, warm and strong, a pillar that places a shaky kiss on her forehead and guilt buried deep into the lines on his face.

But when her vision isn't blurry anymore, the first thing she can see clearly is Light. He waits for their father to drag their mother away, moves towards the bed and then reaches out, clasping a hand in hers.

Dark circles under his eyes, he oozes calm and yet, in his eyes, she sees anger, the need for revenge, Kira that whisper words of mayhem and chaos into his ears, vindictive and ready.

"Imouto." He says it like he can't quite believe it's real and Sayu thinks that yes, yes, she miscalculated.

He stares at her for a second, two and three, as if to make sure she's really there.

And then he collapses, body lurching forward and going rigid, the weight of him almost crushing her. It makes their mother yelp and their father scream something at a nurse that is passing by the room and Sayu -

Sayu laughs.

a/n: Surprise, peeps, I'm back. Hope you enjoyed.

Chapter 21

There will nothing anyone can do about it.

Twenty-Three Percent

| and i said hello Satan i believe that it's time to go |

If Matt had a penchant for nostalgia, this scene would remind him of the days of his youth, hazy days spent in an orphanage on the countryside of England, eternal rain and dreary clouds always in the sky.

But he does not - have a penchant for nostalgia that is (the scene does remind him of his childhood, but he merely overlooks it and keeps his attention on the handheld gaming device, a cigarette between pursed lips).

"What the fuck is this?" Mello spits fire and disbelief and anger with his words.

Matt has gotten used to it, to that tone of his and the anger, always the anger and the fire and determination.

Near, crouched on the ground, doesn't even bother looking up from his little toy soldiers. Near is used to it too, that tone of voice, but not the same way Matt is. No, while Matt witnesses it, Near has to brave through it and does so with an ease that can only be attributed to cockiness (he is the smartest out of the two, on paper at least).

"Did you forget how to read?" Near supplies, stabbing his index finger on a miniature plastic gun.

Mello stalks towards him angrily - he's always angry these days - and stops mere inches from where he's crouched, towers over him with a menacing grin that borders on madness.

Matt doesn't bother looking up quite yet, this is a scene that has been played out many, many times before (except this time it's in a bunker somewhere in America, not an orphanage hidden in the English countryside).

"Death Note?" Mello throws the notebook on the floor, successfully crashing on top of the little toy soldier army. Matt doesn't have to look up to see Near's eyebrow twitch. "Did you lose a few brain cells? I thought you were supposed to be the smart one."

"I can assure you that I'm still the smart one." Near counterattacks with ease, picking up the notebook and moving it farther away from his toys. "And this notebook, this *Death Note*, is very much real."

"Kira's weapon, the thing that killed L, is a notebook?" Mello is full of disbelief, chokes back a laugh that is more madness than amusement.

"Yes." Near's attention is back on his miniature army (Matt had paused to watch him play once, place them in rows and give them names and ranks and had realized that this army was very much real, too real to be made of toys).

There's a huff from Mello, exasperation and annoyance and plenty of other things that Matt could probably name, but doesn't have the energy to, and suddenly the blonde's attention is on him.

Mello takes a few steps back towards the couch and pauses in front of him, knee forward and gaze expectant. Matt doesn't stop moving his fingers on the buttons of his game, but does look up from it.

"And what do you have to say about all of this?"

Matt thinks - this is Kira's weapon, the one that killed L. He has no trouble believing it, just like he has no trouble believing that only someone smart and with something entirely supernatural could have defeated L.

But Matt also thinks that -

"You shouldn't have given her up." Matt thinks that it was a mistake, that exchange.

Mello cocks his head to the side curiously, clearly not the answer he was expecting. Even Near has raised his eyes, attention now on the redhead instead of his beloved toys.

He's obviously meant to explain, especially with two sets of eyes pinned on him. He sighs and pauses the game, takes out a lighter to revive his cigarette.

"His sister, you shouldn't have given her back to him." If what is written on the notebook is true, if what Kira needs to kill is a name and a face, then he has someone who can give him both in his possession now.

"A deal's a deal." Near tells him, like it's the most obvious thing in the world (but morals for them is just a word thrown around, L had thought them that).

"And what a good fucking riddance." Mello adds, a shiver of fear running up and down his spine that he tries to hide by switching his posture to something that is meant to come out as menacing, but hardly has that effect on the people he's grown up with.

But Matt knows, knows it in the very fiber of his being (L had told him once, that he had it, he had the same thing as him, the best word for it had been intuition, sometimes stronger than facts, but Matt had never wanted to be L, had convinced him there were better people than him, smarter people than him to be his successor).

After L's death, they had found - coded entries, plenty of them, scattered across days and days of observations. Mello hadn't had the patience and had asked Matt to decode them, something easy enough if you knew where to look and Matt does, does know where to look.

It taken a few hours, to make sense of it and Light, Light, *Light* had come up more than not and yet - Matt knows, he knows where to look and codes, he knows the codes and while it had never been explicit, it had been there, she had been there.

Matt is no poet, but he knows obsession and jealousy when he reads it. In the end, L had trailed off about destiny and purpose and how it had been stolen from him, stolen from him because of *her* .

And while L had hypothesized that Light Yagami was entirely too wrapped up in his sister, much more than she, Matt knows that it's where L was wrong. He *knows*, because he knows what blind devotion looks like, knows because isn't that why Wammy's was created in the first place - they'd all been loyal to L when he'd only been loyal to himself.

But this is not blind devotion, no, it's worst. It's a bond that none of them are equipped to understand, that runs so deep that they barely skimmed the surface.

It's inevitable. Matt is not sure when it will happen, no the exact time, but she will give him what he wants. No because she wants revenge, not because she is righteous. It could take years like it could happen in a few minutes.

She'll cave in eventually and when she does...

" *God*, did you have a crush on her?" Mello snickers to himself and Near shakes his head, a roll of his eyes before his attention is called away again to his plastic army scattered on the ground.

There will nothing anyone can do about it.

Matt inhales and exhales smoke. He stares at Mello until the blonde is uncomfortable and turns his attention back to the white-haired prodigy, throwing questions his way and forgetting all about Matt's disguised warning.

L told him once, in the library very late at night, that Matt had what he had, intuition he'd called it and told him that if he had to choose a successor, it would have to be the redhead because Mello and Near, while smarter on paper, could only ever hope to become L if they worked together.

Failure means death, he'd written as his last entry, but I have recently been informed that maybe death isn't as bad as most people make it out to be. It's madness, but percentages, they don't lie - there's a twenty-three percent chance that she knew, she knew what death was like.

He breathes smoke and stares as Mello kicks one of Near's little soldier with the edge of his boot. It earns him an annoyed glare and a snarky comment about his lack of comprehension for something so basic as words on paper.

It's too bad Matt doesn't have a penchant for nostalgia.

a/n : Matt has always been a favourite of mine, that's why he gets his own chapter. The end is near lovelies. Thanks for reading and your lovely reviews. Hope you enjoyed.

Chapter 22

She doesn't have to think twice.

Twenty-Three Percent

| in the end, it's him and I |

Exhaustion wears lovely on her brother's face, dark circles under his eyes and dried skin above his lips.

Nurses tell him he should lie down, shouldn't move so much, but he's always seated beside her when she wakes, IV's attached to a pole that travel all the way to his veins.

But his skin burns hot, like fire, and when he laces his hand with hers, she thinks the warmth will melt her.

"I thought I'd lost you." He tells her, sentimental and she knows, knows he keeps those gentle words and that soft tone just for her. It's entirely selfish, but she likes it.

"I missed you." She offers, voice shaky, a powerful cocktail of drugs running deep in her blood stream that slur her words and turns her vision blurry.

Ryuk has taken residence inside the room, obviously not used or amused by the obviously displays of emotions between them. He eyes them, bored, not so curious and steals apples from the cafeteria, terrorises the other rooms.

"I'll find them." He promises, words low and righteous. "I'll find them and I'll make them pay." There was a time where she would have wondered who uttered these words - Light or Kira.

But maybe she was wrong all along, maybe Kira is just an extension of her brother, one that always existed and was just buried so deep because it had to be contained.

Sayu considers telling him not to bother, that she doesn't need revenge. She thinks that maybe they could pretend this never happened, that when they get out of the hospital they go back to the way it was, before Kira, before notebooks and Shinigamis and followers and God complexes, but the truth is -

She can't.

Sayu cannot fix the past, just like she can't pretend she doesn't have memories of another life before that, that she has no lifespan, that she can't see numbers and letters at the top of people's head.

And the worst is, she doesn't want to (and maybe she's been going about this whole reincarnation the wrong way since the start).

"Onii-chan..." She trails off, catching Light's eyes with her own. He gives her a tired smile, but happy, he's happy to have her and Sayu thinks that even if she say him every day for the rest of her life, she would remember this moment. "There's something I have to tell you..."

Sayu starts, she starts from the beginning, explains that she has memories of the past, of a past she isn't meant to have lived and follows it with rebirth into this world and how she doesn't have a lifespan and how she loves him, she loves her brother so damn much it hurts at times and how she can see lifespans and names.

And Light listens, eyebrows rising up and down a few times, never uttering a single word, face twisted in a mask of cool attention. He listens, hand wrapped in hers and never let's go, not even when he confesses that she was angry at him because he'd chosen a notebook instead of her.

At the end, when Sayu doesn't know what else to say - he sighs, even more tired than before, but his eyes shine bright, as if he's finally understood something that had puzzled him for years.

He doesn't say anything, merely holds on tight, tighter than before and Sayu thinks that -

She thinks that maybe she's been going about this whole reincarnation thing the wrong way.

"All of you under this roof." Sachiko offers, more wrinkles on her face than Sayu can remember, but with a smile on her lips nonetheless. "I can't remember the last time that happened."

Her brother moves his head to the side so he can roll his eyes privately, but there's amusement on his lips. Soichiro pretends not to see it and continues to thumb through the newspaper on the kitchen table. Sayu takes small bites of a piece of toast, small because she can't quite manage big meals just yet.

Their mother eventually sits down, taking her seat next to their father and it feels like they've gone back in time, Ryuk hovering above the table and eying the food curiously, not finding anything that suits his taste.

"Maybe we should go on holiday." Sachiko offers, easily, as if the last few years never happened, as if her daughter hadn't been kidnapped and her son hadn't passed out in a hospital room from his exhaustion. "When you all feel better, of course."

"Holiday?" Soichiro's eyes aren't on the newspaper anymore and there's a small, stern smile on his lips, as if he doesn't mind the idea - and maybe he doesn't, not really.

"Sounds nice." Sayu says, chewing excessively on her very, very small piece of toast.

"Where to?" Light, always the practical one, offers.

"I think Sayu should decide." Their mother says, with a small smile that covers a pained expression. "We didn't get to celebrate her birthday this year."

She blinks and thinks that it's true - she turned twenty-one while she was being shuffled around and kidnapped and dreaming about dying from dehydration and starvation. It hadn't even occurred to her.

There's a moment of silence at the table, dark thoughts and even darker looks, but then Soichiro bends his head to place a soft kiss on their mother's forehead. It's surreal, because open displays like these are rare for any of them.

"That sounds lovely." Their father says, turning his attention back to the newspaper as if none of this ever happened. Sachiko hums and starts on her breakfast.

"Ah-ah..." Ryuk lets out, eyes zeroing on the basket of apples resting on the counter and flying to it.

Light and Sayu share a look before rolling their eyes at each other.

Light drops the notebook on her bed.

Her room is exactly the same as she left it and she raises an eyebrow, sprawled on her bed.

She has to see a shrink at least once a week, more if she needs it. On her bedside tables, there are four bottles of pills, all with a different effects and there are even more pills in the kitchen, vitamin supplements, all to compensate for the things she lacked during the months of her kidnapping.

School is more like a background noise at this point and she receives e-mails to inform her that she can take all the time that she

needs and that she can come back whenever she feels like it.

It's normal, she knows, regular procedure and protocol followed. Sayu is meant to be broken, but oddly enough it feels like a weight has been lifted off her shoulders.

"Is this your get-well gift?" She eyes the notebook. "I'm pretty sure you're supposed to give flowers or candy."

Her brother rolls his eyes.

"Very funny, Imouto." He sits at the edge of her bed and motions for her to take it. She's already held the Death Note once, it feels just like a regular notebook in her hands. "I just think it's something we should take care of."

"There will always be people after you, you know that, right?" It's not that she has second thoughts about it. But Light will always have people after him, after Kira.

"I know." He nods his head and runs a hand through his hair. "But we need to make a point."

"And what point is that?" She lets her fingers run on the pages, dry paper underneath her skin. If her brain stops at the 'we' part, she doesn't bother to correct her brother, not that she has to, not really.

"They can try to stop us." Her brother burns, orange and yellow and red, so, so red. "They can try, but they'll die trying."

He reaches for his pocket and pulls out a pen, offers it to her and Sayu -

Sayu has no real second thoughts about it. Her fingers wrap around the pen easily and she pauses for a second, just for a second.

Behind her brother, Ryuk's eyes are wide, filled with nightmares and death and decay. The Shinigami offers her a grin promising terror and amusement and inclines his head, as if giving her permission.

She doesn't have to think twice.

a/n : The end. No, not quite - there's one chapter left, an epilogue, one I think most of you will like and that was planned since the very beginning. Bear with me a little more, it's almost over. Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed.

Chapter 23

Because it's twenty-three, it's always twenty-three.

Twenty-Three Percent

| caught up in a dream, in a technicolour beat |

Her mother keeps photo albums, pictures of her and Light as babies and then older - Sayu's first day of Middle School, Light graduating, holding his diploma with their father's hand clasped on his shoulder, that one family holiday they have when she's ten and her brother in his tennis uniform.

"You were very small." Ryuk tells her, peering from behind her shoulder, eyes stopping on a picture of her in her bathing suit with fifteen other kids, all five years old and smiling brightly at the camera.

"I was a small child." She tells him, switching to another page where Light's tenth birthday party is immortalized forever, Sayu's arms wrapped around him. "Twice, maybe I'll also be one the next time."

Sayu makes it all the way to her twenty-third birthday and then something - something clicks in her mind.

(she watches as her brother yields pen and paper like an axe, brings countries to their knees until they offer him everything he's ever wanted, Kira crowned as God of the New World, a world made for the pure, a world controlled by the fear of heart attacks and distant whispers of Shinigamis)

And, on her twenty-third birthday, something just clicks, a deep seeded envy inside of her bones, an entity of its own that takes over, a need that never really left in the first, one she only buried deep within.

"Ryuk." She turns around and comes face to face with the Shinigami, his body bent oddly and inhumanly. "You'll kill my brother soon."

It's not that a question, it doesn't need to be a question. If her brother forgot the axe that hangs above his head, she hasn't. Boredom makes Death Gods restless and she knows, she can see it.

He offers her a lopsided grin, unashamed and unapologetic - not that she expected him to be either of those things.

"It's been fun, little miss." He tells her with a shrug of paper thin shoulders. "But it would always end that way, Light knew that."

"Will you kill me too?" She blinks, innocent and childlike, no lifespan and condemned to live forever in the worst of ways (maybe that's what hell is, having your sins pulled from underneath your very skin and served up to you in an endless loop of torture).

He smiles, too wide and too wicked for it to mean anything else and Sayu -

It was always supposed to end this way, wasn't it?

(and maybe that's what hell is, having your sins pulled out and served up to you in an endless loop of torture).

Epilogue

"I'll see you after school!" Her sister cries out, waving her hands in the air as she disappears in a crowd of elementary school children, all with bright backpacks different colours of the rainbow.

She waves back, even if her sister can't see her.

(she is many, many things after that).

Each time, it's harder to remember the first and second and third. Each time, it's easier to start over. She is many, many things - a daughter and a sister, a friend and an enemy, a schoolmate and a lover. She learns how to spin thread and how to bake, understands that mother nature is capricious and works the earth with her bare hands. She studies philosophy and psychology, life after death, mathematics and chemistry.

Her brain overloads and then releases everything it's ever known to accommodate new things, a new family, new friends, new school subjects, a new life.

Sometimes she shares her previous experiences with others, sometimes she keeps it buried in the deepest part of herself. She learns that speaking of reincarnation can make people uncomfortable and shifty, she learns that it can lend you in the hospital on heavy medications that make your heart give on soon after your twenty-third birthday.

(because it's twenty-three, it's always twenty-three, that fated number that makes the clock stop for a second and then move backwards until she is cried back into the world for all eternity).

"L!" Someone shouts, loud enough to make her blink and snap out of her thought.

There's a child not too far from her, with a backpack a sickly neon green that probably glows in the dark. He's a small boy, maybe six or seven, with pretty blonde hair that shine in the sun.

He's with someone, another boy, a teen that looks about her age. His shoulders are slouched and his shoes aren't quite attached to his feet and she has the strangest, strangest sense of déjà vu.

"Will you pick me up?" And while the question should raise a few eyebrows, the child says it with mirth, almost like he wants to laugh.

The other boy hums and thinks about it for a second before his expression becomes blank.

"There's that new dessert shop that just opened a few streets over..." He trails off and the smaller boy rolls his eyes, but there's a smile on his face.

"Pick me up. We can have cake after." And then the boy waves a hand, almost dismissively and also disappears in the sea of children behind the wide iron gate.

She must have been staring because when the teen turns around, he gives her a puzzled expression and blinks at her, still with his slouch and those shoes that don't fit.

"Do I know you?" He asks and she shakes her head, not embarrassed at all.

"Sorry." She knows she doesn't sound apologetic at all, but it's polite. "You just reminded me of someone." And she turns her back towards him, hand on her own backpack, ready to head to school.

"Have you seen him recently?" She pauses and turns, raises an eyebrow at his question.

"No, I haven't seen him in a long time." She's meant to be fifteen, she looks to be fifteen. He might not believe her, but then he levels a look at her, like he actually does believe her, like he sees something.

"Did you like him?" This is turning out to be an interrogation and she's pretty sure she'll be late for school.

"We had interesting conversations." She has distinct memories of Shinigamis with a passion for apples, a brother she was very enamored with, a detective with a slouch and who ate too much sweets.

But her memory is fuzzy, it could even be a story she read or a movie she saw, a show she watched or a cartoon.

"What did you talk about?"

"Death Gods and apples, mass murderers and death." If she doesn't leave now, she'll never make it to first period. She wants to tell him that, is about to tell him that and then -

But then he looks at her, really looks at her and her words die out before they can even make it past her lips.

She doesn't know how long they stare at each other, how long he stares at her, analyzing quietly, trying to find something, trying to remember something maybe.

"Someone once told me that death really isn't as bad as most people make it out to be." He tells her and it clicks, it just clicks in her mind. It's hazy and not so clear, but the words buzz in her ears -

Someone touching her wrist, an umbrella soaked in rain water, the distant sound of computers and then darkness.

Her eyes are dry because she can't blink.

"There's a new dessert place that opened up a few streets over."

Finally, she blinks.

"Okay." She nods her head.

a/n: can you believe this over? or that it was always going to end this way? I can't. I can't believe this story became this... I want to thank everyone who stuck by me till the end, everyone who found this story and liked it, took the time to review and like and follow. I hope you liked this ending and please let me

know what you thought. Thank you and I hope you enjoyed your time here.